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Vol. CXLV No. 1895 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MAY 16 1936

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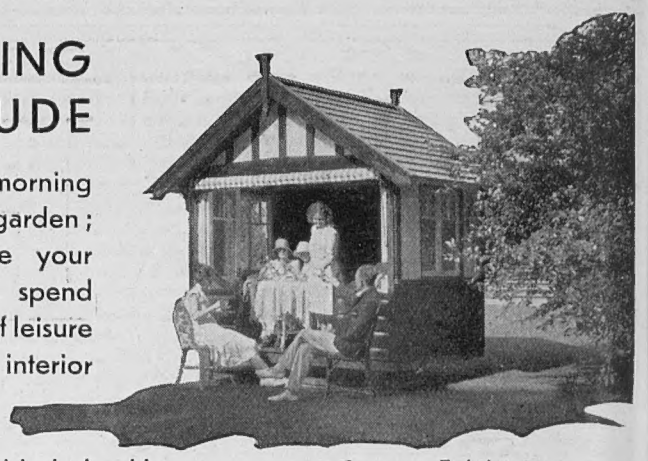

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 16, 1936

The Women of Rome Acclaim the Duce

A Demonstration of Loyalty in the Piazza Venezia

On Tuesday of last week Signor Mussolini, now at the zenith of his popularity, announced to an expectant nation from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia that Addis Ababa had fallen, that Abyssinia was at last Italian, and that the war was thus at an end—a declaration that was the forerunner of scenes of enthusiasm and rejoicing without parallel in Italy's history and comparable to Mafeking night in London at the beginning of the century. Two days later there was another great gathering outside the Duce's official residence, a special demonstration being held by the women of Rome, who came in their thousands to honour their leader and, in turn, to receive his thanks in the following glowing terms:—"Fascist Italy, driven thereto by the League siege organised by fifty-two countries, entrusted to you a delicate and decisive task, that of making every hearth a stronghold to resist sanctions. With magnificent discipline and patriotism you, O women, have acquitted yourselves of this task which the régime set you. The country expresses its gratitude to you and tells you that your example will remain hallowed in the pages of history"

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WEDDING OF THE WEEK: The Hon. Anne Wood, daughter of Viscount Halifax, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Earl of Feversham, passing beneath the crossed swords of a guard of honour provided by the Yorkshire Hussars, as they left York Minster after their marriage last Saturday. Some 2,000 guests were present and the scene was reminiscent of that at St. Paul's Cathedral a fortnight earlier when the bride's brother, the Hon. Charles Wood, was married to Miss Ruth Primrose

A London Newsletter

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, May 13, 1936.

THE BARREN ROCKS OF EDEN.—Last week Dr. Dalton, in the Debate on Foreign Affairs, hit the Government, Mr. Eden, and the League all over the ring, and where he liked. It does not detract from Dr. Dalton's skill and clarity in marshalling the telling facts, to add that a new recruit to a school debating society would have had a simple task in knocking down these three Aunts Sally. Only in one sense can it be said that Dr. Dalton "hit below the belt." The hypocrisy revealed in our attitude, our policy, our pronouncements, our actions and inactions towards and about the League and Abyssinia is, of course, in reality perfectly understood and condoned by Europe, by our own Opposition, and by all concerned. No Government dared risk the consequences of the only sanctions which might have been effective. Democratic Government demanded the high-sounding moral platitudes which our Ministers have perpetually delivered; the vital need for preserving the League as an entity for posterity at all costs is claimed to have justified *any* hypocrisy, however flagrant, and may one day perhaps excuse the shameful degradation of our dignity and good name in Europe and in Britain. It was a cruel fate for Mr. Eden to be compelled to stand up to answer the unanswerable, to justify the outwardly unjustifiable without being permitted to tell the whole naked truth or let the open secret out of the perforated bag. It was a depressing duty imposed on a young and promising Minister and Mr. Eden must have felt keenly the cruelty of his position. Circumstance has compelled us, and motives at once decent, altruistic, and far-sighted, to give lip service to honour, morality, and the League and to betray them all for the sake of expediency. Civilisation leaned on a reed that never yet had the strength to bear a butterfly's weight and civilisation lies in the mud. Barren indeed are Mr. Eden's, Britain's, Europe's, Civilisation's promises and high ideals. It was easy stuff for Dr. Dalton—it is crucifixion for Mr. Eden and Mr. Baldwin. And now it remains to be seen whether, having denounced the aggressor from the housetops, we are to walk round to his back door with our hat in one hand and the other held out to grasp the victor's. Could we have done otherwise? Perhaps we might have warned Abyssinia not to take our fine periods at their face value and not to base too lofty hopes on the League. But then, again, perhaps Haile Selassie did not.

TYPHOON.—What a world it is, of vicious circles and dangerous actions and reactions. The dread of Communism and the bitterness of political and economic chaos bred Fascism and dictatorships which destroyed the one thing which raises human communities above herds of beasts—liberty of thought and action within accepted limits. And the dread of Fascism and dictatorships is now beginning very clearly to produce reactions to Communism which, undirected by a powerfully equipped central authority, leads to the death of liberty in a more fearful form than under Fascism. For the death of liberty through disorder is even worse for those who valued it than a planned and ordered death. We have had plenty of opportunity to see what planned and ordered Fascism and dictatorship can bring of fear and distrust on Europe. We have less cause to complain of planned and ordered Communism nationally restricted. We are now observing in Spain the dreadful effects of disordered Communism. We see France moving slowly to the extreme Left. The old diplomacy of Europe has failed tragically and in spectacular and reiterated and glaring instances. The authority of the older forms of Government is constantly being undermined by failure. There is no immediate prospect of any change for the better. The world is in the melting pot and there is no unanimity and accordingly no sanctions to enforce peace and order. We had thought we were "through the worst" of what seemed the darkest age in our civilisation. To-day we cannot but feel that the worst is still to come and will be slow to pass. That is why we reflect with amazement that, in this ugly sea with a falling, typhoon glass, we sail peacefully on our course preparing a display of bunting for the coming coronation and planning for a social season in 1937 of unparalleled brilliance. For how long will our lonely rock stand unswept by the waves in the angry seas of Europe?

PAGEANTRY IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL: Lyon King of Arms (Sir Francis James Grant, K.C.V.O., L.L.D., W.S.), followed by the new Governor of Edinburgh Castle (General Sir Archibald R. Cameron, K.C.B.) when the latter arrived at the castle gates prior to his formal installation. The title of Governor goes back to the twelfth century, but it had been in abeyance since 1860 when Viscount Melville resigned. Its holder in future will invariably be the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command. *Below*—Some of the distinguished guests at the installation; a group showing, left to right, front row—the Hon. Ursula Balfour and her mother, Lady Kinross, the Earl and Countess of Elgin, Lady Mar and Kellie, and the Earl of Mar and Kellie, Hereditary Keeper of Stirling Castle

THE ACADEMY.—Just when they were removing Angelica Kauffman's ceilings from old buildings long condemned, the R.A. elected a new Academician from the ranks of women artists. Angelica Kauffman died in 1807; one other woman R.A. (who painted flowers) died before 1820. No other woman had since been elected until Dame Laura Knight. That is a remarkable fact when one considers the present value attached to the work of scores of dead R.As. Dame Laura signalises this moderate triumph of her sex by making the Academy of 1936 appear to be a "one woman" show. Whether you like her work or not you confess it dominates. And other women artists this year are very well favoured and well hung. Dame Laura has at least six "on the line," and Beatrice How's "L'Infirmière" is one of the Chantrey buys. Britain is no great shakes at portrait-painting to-day; indeed here again the women give the best results, though Connard is usually efficient and sensitive. There is no Sickert, and John's pair of portraits are not attractive. Glyn Philpots' "Mrs. Lutyens" will please and shock, but all critics will agree on its beauty of drawing. The landscapes seemed very much like the 1935 mixture. The "restrained" (which I like to look at but would not live with), the crude, the symbolic and those that rely on "shock tactics" and appear to be a too-long-surviving reaction against the photographic, peaceful landscapes of Leader. The sensations of the year are—"The Cornet Player," by Belcher, "The Princes' Vigil" by Beresford, and Dame Knight's Circus group. Where do her large and to me unattractive masterpieces ultimately hang? Academy pictures tend to disappear almost as quickly as pencils and crime novels. If they did not, but remained for ever assembled in mass, how frightful an impression would posterity obtain of the type of Briton who rose to moderate eminence as Local Government chairman, or commercial director, mayor, or what not, in our day. Those presentation portraits all seem to tell the same tale—a distortion of the truth for art's sake, I am sure—that moderate eminence in such walks of life is the result or produces the

result of plethoric stupidity, vacuous pride, stiff pomposity, and a total absence of humour, imagination, and humanity. The fact that the President, R.A., considers that this year's exhibition marks and proves the return to sanity and the end of post-war eccentricity is an interesting one to carry in one's head during a first inspection. The fact, if fact it be, may not impress itself on you during your first visit. Of all the oil paintings I saw in the gallery I would be happy to take, if offered, two to hang in my house: Brockhurst's "Mr. Wall" and Newton's landscape, "Dawn."

LONDON CRIME — THE TELL-TALE FIGURES.—Statistics always interest and impress me, perhaps because I am so little expert in figures. Statistics no doubt are a fair indication of the success or failure of all amelioration schemes, but the margins of error they contain are large and often obscure and neither for Sir Philip Game nor for Mr. Belisha can they be arbiters of policy. Sir Philip's first report as Commissioner for the Metropolis is now out, and he regards his statistics as fairly satisfactory. Indictable crimes have fallen by 20 per cent. since 1933. But detectable crime continues to increase. The expert conclusion drawn from these figures is that the wicked do not decrease but the watch dogs grow more efficient —a conclusion consoling neither to the moralist nor to the taxpayer. The public is not careful enough of its possessions. Modern homes need better locks and less optimism. Insurance against theft makes householders far too casual. The statistics point rather dismally to the future. Children are giving most trouble to the police; 27 per cent. of "indictable" offenders were under seventeen years old in 1935, and as much as two-fifths of indictable crimes detected were committed by youths under age, working for the most part in gangs carefully organised. It is an unpleasant thought. What is the value of property stolen every year by detected criminals? About £1,000,000. Posed with the question, I might have answered £10,000,000 or £500,000. But youth pays for the crimes of youth by the death of careless and innocent youth on the road—at least a quarter of the bicycle accidents each year involved persons between fifteen and twenty-one; as much as 60 per cent. persons between fifteen and thirty. Those figures, too, are cheerless reading for thoughtful citizens.

FATHER DAMIEN GOES HOME.—Last week a little-advertised ceremony took place at Antwerp. The body of Father Damien arrived there in the Belgian training ship *Mercator*. He died in the Hawaiian Islands. He now lies in St. Peter's, Louvain. When I was a boy we all knew about Father Damien, because Stevenson was our first choice among writers and because R. L. S. wrote a glorious pamphlet in eulogy of Father Damien's work. Now boys don't care about Stevenson and I doubt if "every schoolboy" could write three lines in a general knowledge paper on Damien. For his death took place fifty years ago and now, like Napoleon's, his body has been disinterred, to lie in one of the Valhallas of his nation. A million people watched the removal of Napoleon's body to the Invalides on December 15, 1840, when it was brought home from St. Helena. A hundred thousand, headed by the King, did honour to Father Damien's. Each has gone to his account, though the judgment of God and the judgment of man are very different. Napoleon made hell on earth for himself and millions of his fellows. Father Damien between 1873 and 1887 did his best to make a heaven out of hell by giving up his life to work in the leper colony of the Molotai group. I recommend R. L. S's pamphlet on Father Damien to those who have not heard of it. Apart from its moral stimulus, I still hold obstinately to the view that R. L. S. knew how to write English prose.

AMY MOLLISON.—Women have so many triumphs over men that they need not be depressed by occasional set-backs. Mrs. Mollison is after all a very effective modern type of "Ambassador." If the old diplomacy has failed, her methods of restoring British prestige are wonderfully effective. In an age gone mad on machines and the conquest of time and space, these supermen and women are the real ambassadors of the nations. In three-and-a-quarter days Mrs. Mollison flew 6,700 miles alone, largely by night. She was quite ready to turn round and fly home, there and back inside a week. But after this she may never fly solo again. The strain is unimaginable. There went Rose's "unbreakable" record after three months —smashed by eleven hours, when, with bare feet and bare head, Mrs. Mollison, in her summer frock and divided skirt stepped out of her machine to greet the deputy-mayor of Cape Town, and to send the accustomed message to Democracy over the air. The formalities of these record flights are common form and even somewhat stale. The miracle of human endurance and the pluck of these super-women remain—as little comprehended to-day as ever they were. We accept the record, but are far too busy or lazy to investigate the immensity of the effort involved. We just say "The Cape is now three days from London," and we plume ourselves on our wonderful progress and our remarkable genius.

MR. DUFF COOPER IN FRANCE: The Secretary for War (3rd from left) received on arrival at Arras Cathedral last Sunday when, in his capacity as Chairman of the Imperial War Graves Commission, he unveiled a tablet "to the memory of the million dead of the British Empire who fell in the war of 1914–18 and of whom the greater part rest in France." During his stay on the Continent Mr. Duff Cooper also made a tour of the British cemeteries in the former Ypres salient

COUNTESS HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW (Barbara Hutton that was), who has now completely recovered from the serious illness that followed the birth of her son some weeks ago, seen leaving her hotel for a shopping expedition in Paris, accompanied by her husband. They are spending a short holiday abroad, but it is understood that they intend to take up permanent residence in London

A NONAGENARIAN.—On May 19, I look forward to doing honour to a man who will be celebrating his 90th birthday. He will not be in the fashionable list of "birthdays of the week." Born in the middle of the commercial panic which resulted in the Repeal of the Corn Laws, he has lived through three generations in our history more packed with major political events and economic and social changes than any period of equal length before them. He went to Harrow in '59, to Vaughan's house, where bullying and disorder were rife, and he finished his education (in one sense and a very narrow sense, since he is at this moment continuing at high pressure a lifelong habit of self-education) in Paris in '66, where he received the hospitality of M. de Flahault and learned to loathe, above all the mischief-makers in European history, the Empress Eugénie. In Paris he laid the foundations of an abiding love of opera and works of art. He was called to the Bar and after an uphill struggle won his way to established practice and a high reputation for knowledge of Common Law and in Privy Council work. He taught their work to many, since famous, lawyers who were pupils in his chambers and one of them is to-day an ornament to the Bench. He forsook the Bar for the post of Solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue at the time when the famous Estate Duty Act had just been passed and the whole principle of Estate Duty levy was in chaos and the melting-pot. It was largely owing to his work that the new Act came to work smoothly. When he retired at the age of sixty-five he took to serious reading and writing, and assumed his obvious place on his Petty Sessional Bench. During the war he was appointed to the Central Appeals Tribunal in connection with conscription, and for many years after he was Judicial Chairman of his County Quarter Sessions. All his life he has been a voracious reader of history and the Victorian classics, and he was a master in the lost art of reading aloud, whereby he inspired others with his own abiding love of literature. To cricket, bicycling, and golf in turn he devoted the maximum of his enthusiasm, and never ceased, from the time when he learned to read, to improve his education with humility and zest. After eighty he began seriously to improve his Italian and German, and has been heard to say that he pities the man who has not read *Faust* in the original. He was already an old man when civilisation lost the last vestiges of sanity, and to-day his life may well stand out as an example from a saner, sounder age. For above all things he loved justice, and, next to justice, knowledge, literature, art, and cricket. He has practised humility and hated publicity, and in a world of boost and shams, of disillusionment and shoddiness, he has lived usefully and grown old with dignity and stoicism, and by his life restored in some measure our fading belief in the immortality of the soul of man, and the imperishable virtues of knowledge and justice.

A WORD TO GARDEN-LOVERS.—I strongly advise any garden-lovers to come to Midhurst on Saturday (16th) and to visit Woolbeding and Stedham Hall, both of which are close to Midhurst, and each in its way perfection. The natural setting of Woolbeding is famous. Its church, bridge, lawns, fountain by Benvenuto, and giant tulip-tree have been praised for generations. Stedham also is as lovely just now as good taste, knowledge, and a lovely setting can make it. Both are washed by the Rother and set in a countryside indescribably beautiful. They open their gates on the 16th under the Queen's Nursing Scheme. After seeing these gardens there remain Cowdray ruins and its park to see.

THE OLD STAGER

PASSING

JOAN OF ARC'S DAY: Lieut.-Colonel de la Rocque, chief of the powerful Croix-de-Feu movement, taking part last Sunday in the march past the statue of "the Maid" in the Place des Pyramides, Paris. The second Sunday in May is officially set aside as her day, and the Government, the army, and public bodies, invariably participate in the ceremonies of homage

THE ADVANCE ON HARRAR: Italian field gun city which was entered by the Italians last services in conducting the campaign under to the rank of Marshal. His men have and as in the north, all active resistance is submission, realising no doubt that the

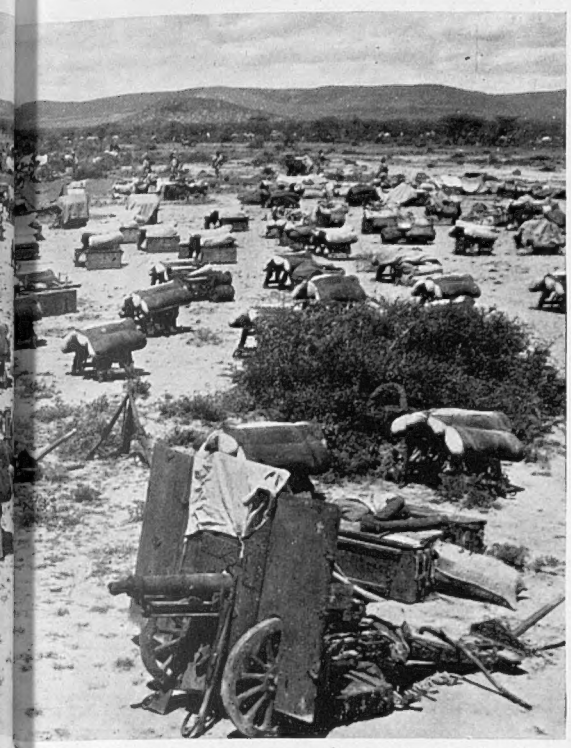
AWAITING THE VERDICT OF THE POLLS: Crowds gathered in the Place de l'Opéra, Paris, to hear the broadcast of the returns in the second ballot of the General Election, which, as anticipated, resulted in a pronounced swing to the "Left," the Socialists and Communists recording enormous gains—a circumstance that has caused grave anxiety in the country and has led to a financial crisis. Of the 618 seats in the Chamber the Communists have no fewer than eighty-two

FORMER FOES FRATERNISE: Field Marshal Count Takach, (left)—President of the Hungarian Ex-service Men, being greeted on arrival at Victoria Station by Major P. F. Anderson, of the British Legion. He is one of the fifty officers and men representing the armies of thirteen countries who are spending eight days together at Sandon Hall, Staffordshire

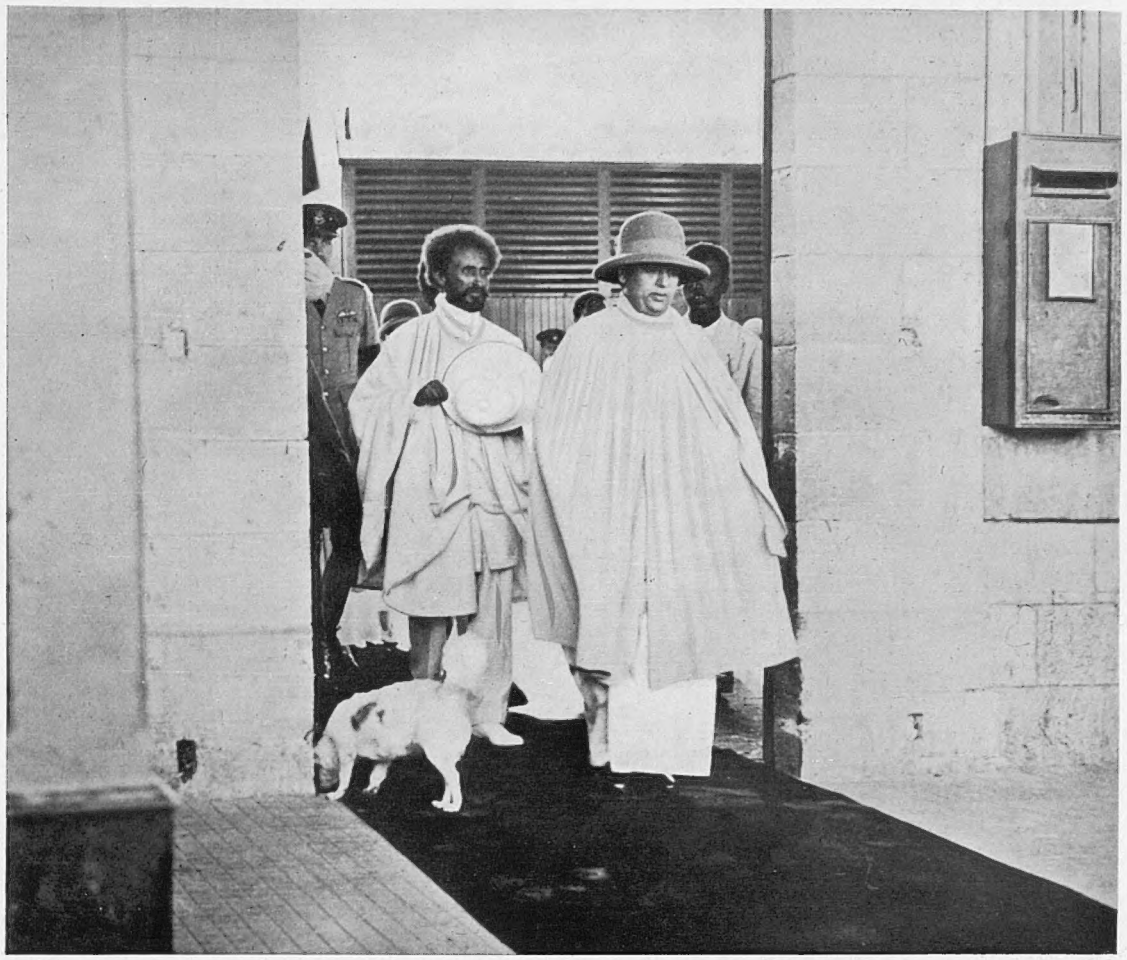
THE DUKE OF YORK WITH THE R.N.V.R.: His Royal Highness, wearing the uniform of an admiral, inspecting a guard of honour from H.M.S. *President* on the Horse Guards Parade, before walking down the ranks of 3,000 officers, petty officers, and men of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve who had just marched back from the Cenotaph where they had placed wreaths. A big majority of those present were in plain clothes, but nearly all wore medals

THE RYE DEVELOPMENT PROJECT: An aeri being dredged under a £150,000 schem to Rye which lies two miles upstream, the outfall of the river with the result th Marshes will be further improved. Rye a

PAGEANT

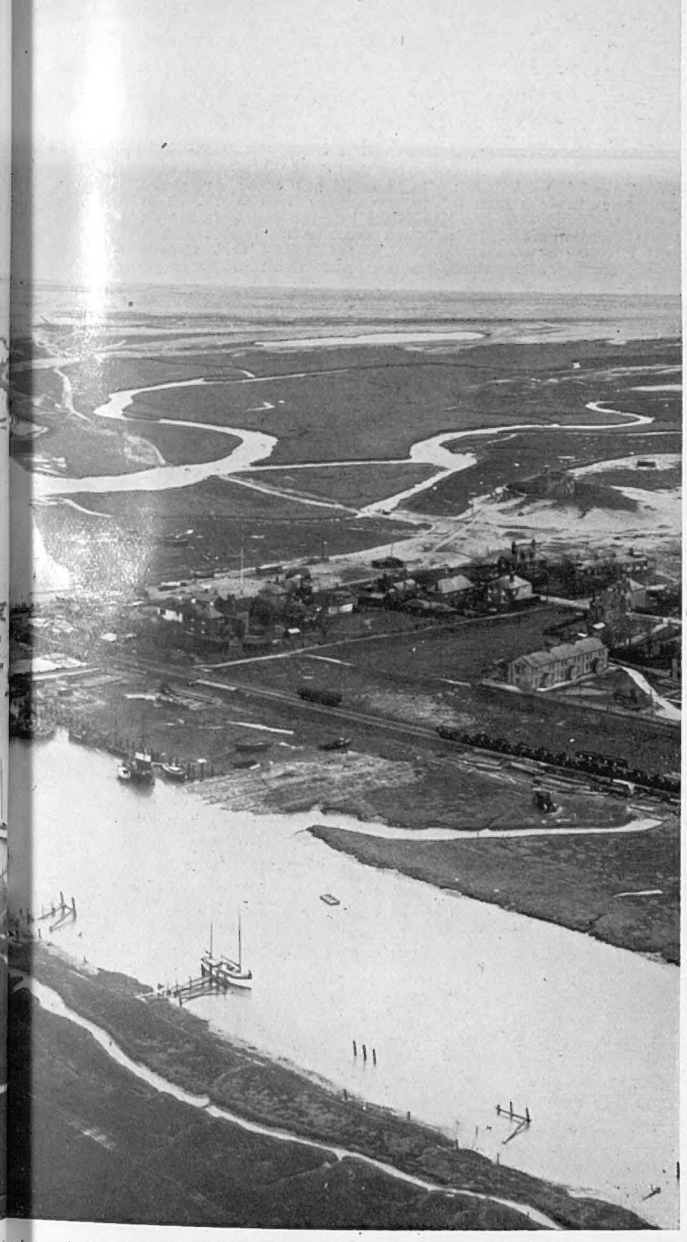


and ammunition supplies on a plain to the south of the week after it had been looted by mobs. In reward for his very great difficulties, General Graziani has been raised now occupied Diredawa, on the Addis Ababa—Jibuti railway this region has come to an end. Many of the chiefs have made only course open to them is to accept the Italian regime

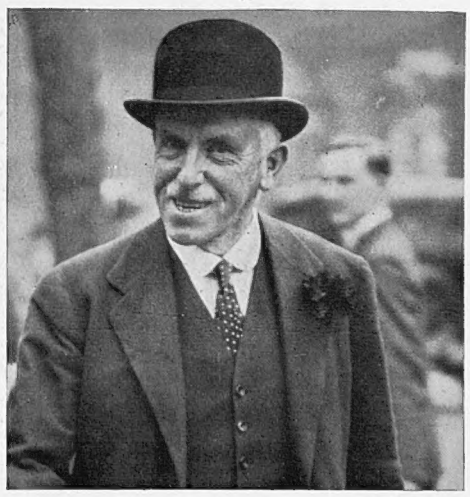


THE ROYAL EXILES IN PALESTINE: Emperor Haile Selassie and Empress Menen pictured in Jerusalem, where they arrived after being brought from Jibuti to Haifa in the British cruiser *Enterprise*. His Majesty proposes to visit London shortly, and afterwards to live for a few months at his private villa at Lausanne. Although he has lost his throne he is by no means destitute, and has deposited in the bank about 158 boxes of gold and silver weighing nine tons and valued at nearly £1,000,000

THE BUDGET INQUIRY: Mr. Justice Porter (*left*), chairman of the tribunal which opened its proceedings at the Law Courts last Monday with a view to determining if the insurances placed against rises in the income and tea taxes were the result of a leakage of information before the delivery of the Budget Speech in Parliament. *Right*—Mr. Leslie Thomas (in bowler), son of Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was an important witness, and who stated emphatically in his evidence that he had received no advance information whatsoever from his father



view of the Rother where it joins the sea—a tidal channel that is now launched by the Jury's Gut Catchment Board with a view to restoring measure of its former prosperity as a port. The dredging will also assist thousands of acres of meadows in parts of the Walland and Romney its neighbour, Winchelsea, were made Cinque Ports in the reign of Henry II



VITAL WITNESSES: Mr. J. F. Matheson, an underwriting member of Lloyd's who was concerned as a broker with the placing of contingency insurances on Budget risks, and Colonel Robert Walker Roylance (*right*), deputy chairman of Lloyd's, who both gave important evidence at the Budget inquiry

HELSTON FLORA

The Furry Dance and Other Picturesque Celebrations Usher in the Summer in West Cornwall

THE HALLAN-TOW PARTY: Some of the forty youngsters from local schools whose part in last week's Flora festival at Helston consisted of going out into the country early in the morning and returning through the streets bearing sycamore and may boughs, thus "bringing the summer into the town officially." As they marched they sang this refrain which is really the keynote of the whole day's proceedings—"For we were up as soon as any day O; and for to fetch the summer home, the summer and the May O; for summer is a come O; and winter is a gone O"

PROCESSING BEHIND THE MAYOR AND THE BAND before the start of the principal dance of the day which is known as the "mid-day dance" and for which full morning dress is required by etiquette. It is considered an honour for a townsman to be asked to take part and a visitor is doubly honoured by receiving an invitation. There were just over a hundred performers this year, and wherever they went they were pelted by the enthusiastic onlookers with rose wedding petals purchased from the British Legion Poppy Factory at Richmond

TRIPPING A DAINTY MEASURE: Top-hatted and morning-coated dancers and their partners in summery frocks giving a display of their skill in the "mid-day" dance which began at the Corn Exchange and, in accordance with ancient custom, followed a crazy course through streets, houses, and private and public gardens, eventually ending up at the starting point

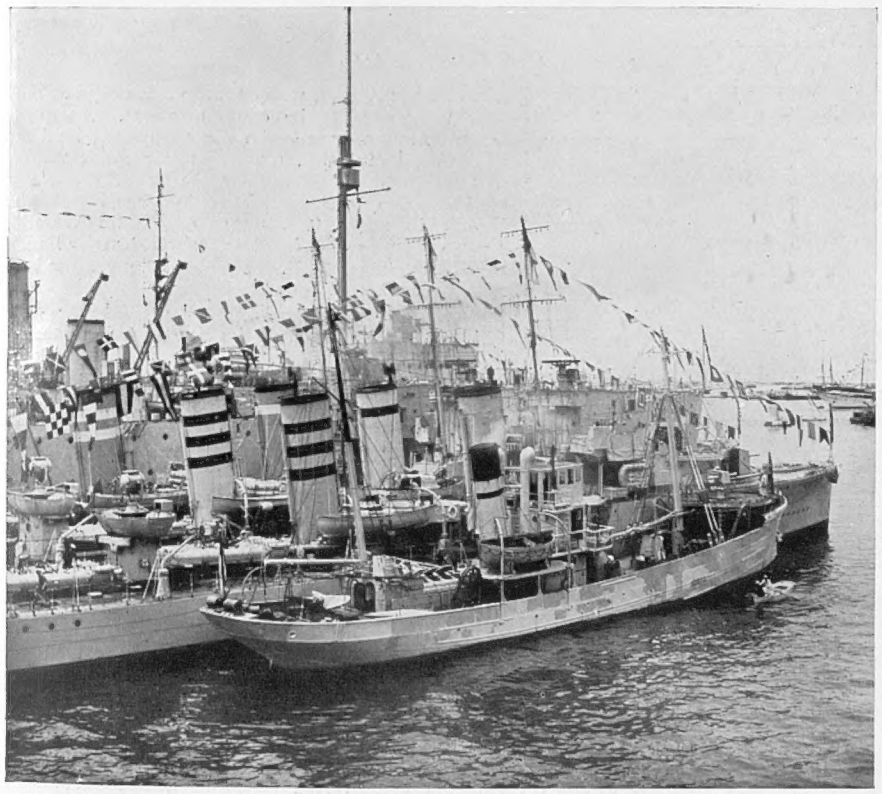
Above and below—WORKING UP AN APPETITE: The dance in progress at 7 a.m., the first event of the day which was set going by three beats on the big bass drum. The Furry dance tune is by no means a classical work, but its merry rhythm is infectious and the feet move naturally into the steps. Partners were changed at intervals, and at the end everyone hurried off to a neighbouring hall where a hearty breakfast awaited them

THE CHILDREN'S DANCES: Scholars from the local school, the boys in white flannels and the girls in white silk dresses with their hair garlanded, dancing through the streets, —another link in the long chain of events that marks Helston's day of rejoicing. *On left*—Ladies mop the brows of their exhausted partners

The fascination of Helston's Furry Dance seems as unending as its vitality, and the secret of its popularity must surely lie in the fact that, unlike many other old customs, it still has a justification for its existence. People still feel pleasure at the approach of the summer, and to devote a day to giving expression to such a feeling is a perfectly natural and proper thing

King Farouk in Egypt

NAVAL WELCOME: British warships preparing to take up position as escort to the P. and O. liner, *Viceroy of India*, when she steamed into Alexandria bringing with her King Farouk, Egypt's sixteen-year-old monarch, who was in England at the time of his father's death and has now returned to his own country to assume the crown. The young King was given a great ovation by the crowds that gathered in the vicinity of the harbour



DRESSED OVERALL: Warships at Alexandria gaily bedecked in honour of the King's arrival

In Alexandria, at every point along the route to Cairo, and in Cairo itself King Farouk received a welcome from his subjects that augurs well for his reign, and the enthusiasm testified as much to the personal popularity of this young monarch as it did to the general regard for the throne. The Cabinet has decided that in view of the fact that the King has shown a considerable degree of maturity he shall from now on be regarded as having attained his civil majority instead of waiting until he is twenty-one. This decision prevents the possibility of His Majesty being a minor as an individual when he becomes a major as a Sovereign in 1937 on reaching the age of eighteen lunar years. It also gives him the right to manage his own estates, which are very considerable as his father accumulated a vast fortune and was one of the wealthiest monarchs of his time

ACKNOWLEDGING THE OVATION: King Farouk appearing on the balcony of the Ras el Tin Palace, Alexandria, in response to the cheering of his subjects gathered in the street below. Later on the morning of his arrival His Majesty journeyed by train to Cairo, where he had another vociferous reception before going to the Mosque of El Rifai to pray before his father's tomb

A NEW YORK LETTER

The U.S. Plans to Give Puerto Rico Autonomy — Students in Pacifist Rallies

THE United States is about to offer the island of Puerto Rico its freedom. A Bill to this end has been introduced into the United States Senate by Senator Millard K. Tydings of Maryland, an anti-New Deal Senator who has agreed to support the New Deal, at least until after the presidential election in November, in order not to embarrass his fellow-Democrat, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who at the moment is in need of every possible support if he is to bring his campaign to a successful conclusion and secure a second term of office.

The freeing of Puerto Rico will be in line with the present administration's policy as embodied in the repeal of the Platt amendment, thereby repudiating the assumed right to intervene in Cuban affairs, thereby giving Cuba complete autonomy for the first time; and with the steps taken to free the Philippine Islands.

It is not, however, an entirely friendly offer, because the United States Government does not seem to be able to understand why misgoverned Puerto Rico objects to being ruled by the United States. The introduction of the Tydings Bill is really a challenge to the revolutionary elements in the island to "put up or shut up." Colonel E. Francis Riggs, American chief of police in the island, was recently assassinated; and four of his subordinates preceded him to the same end.

American official opinion is that freedom would spell ruin for Puerto Rico. Its rapidly mounting population, long since too large for the island to support; the tariff wall that would be raised against Puerto Rico's products; and the cessation of financial aid from the United States would be disastrous. it is believed; and there is probably good ground for this belief.

The Tydings Bill proposes only four years of "commonwealth" government for Puerto Rico, prior to the granting of full autonomy. The plan for Philippine autonomy provides for ten years of "commonwealth" government, that is, government under the supervision of the United States. An island referendum on the issue is proposed for the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1937. A constitutional convention would follow a "yes" vote in June, 1938.

Just why the constitutional convention should be held is a question, because the United States would dictate the content of the constitution. It would be required to provide for religious tolerance in an island which is almost 100 per cent. Roman Catholic. It would be required further to establish a republican form of government, and to give the United States control of debts, loans, currency, and foreign affairs during the "commonwealth" period.

After the convention frames the constitution, another referendum would be held, whereby the people of the island would either accept or reject the constitution. Senator Tydings has estimated that the whole process of arriving at complete autonomy would occupy about eight years.

During the second year of the commonwealth government, the United States would assess 25 per cent. of the normal tariff rate against Puerto Rico's products imported into the United States; during the third year, 50 per cent.; and during the fourth year, 75 per cent.

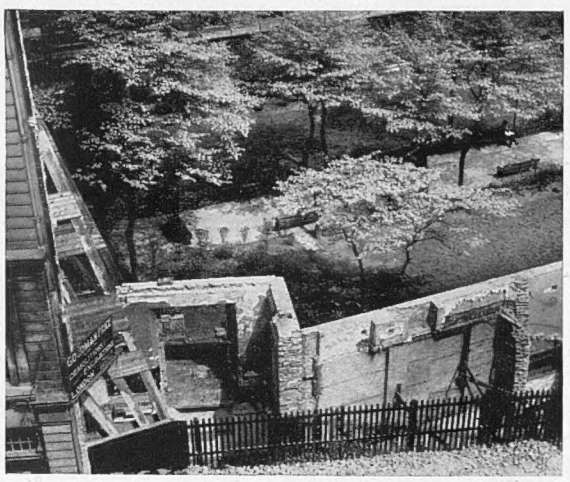
Even after the island was granted full autonomy, the United States would continue to "exercise supervision" over the neighbouring island of Culebra, where a naval base is situated.

Puerto Rico has been costing the United States 12,000,000 dollars a year in relief funds, and it has recently spent 26,000,000 dollars on a reconstruction project in the island.

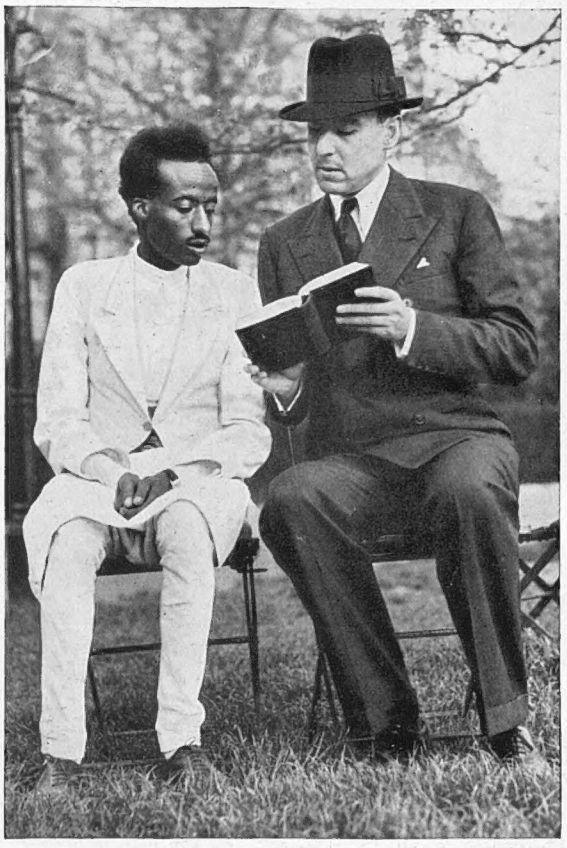
Puerto Rico's independence party is headed by Pedro Albizu Campos, a Harvard graduate. A less vigorous advocate of independence is the liberal party, headed by Luis Monoz Marin, now in Washington, D.C. Marin has charged that the Tydings bill was drawn in bad faith, and that it deliberately plans to ruin the Puerto Ricans before complete autonomy can be established.

Christopher Columbus visited Puerto Rico in 1493, but Spain took little notice of the island until gold was discovered there. Ponce de Leon was then made governor. That was in 1509. The Spanish regime enslaved the natives; and when they revolted, exterminated them. Negro slaves were then imported; and slavery continued in the island until 1873, about a decade longer than in the United States. United States troops took over the island on October 18, 1898.

BARED TO THE PUBLIC GAZE: Demolition work in progress in Newgate Street to make way for the General Post Office extension has revealed temporarily and for the first time a full view of Wren's Christ Church, which stands at the top of Greyfriars Passage



A BEAUTY SPOT IN THE CITY'S HEART: The demolition of part of Newgate Street has also revealed this old-world garden, hitherto known only to a few habitués



AN ETHIOPIAN COMES TO TOWN: Mr. Walter Collins, brother of Sir Godfrey Collins and Reuter's chief correspondent in Abyssinia, with the black servant who has accompanied him home to England. His name is Georgis and when he arrived with his master at a West End hotel, such a crowd collected outside that traffic in Piccadilly was held up for a while

Under the United States, Puerto Rico generally has been used as a political football. It has never had but one really splendid governor-general, and that, curiously, was Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Until he became governor-general of Puerto Rico, the son of the brilliant "Teddy" was never impressive. He had done practically nothing except to be the son and namesake of his father. In Puerto Rico, however, he found himself; and it is to his eternal credit that, when he was transferred to the Philippines, the Puerto Ricans begged Washington to allow him to remain with them.

In the Philippines, the younger "Teddy" repeated his record in Puerto Rico. The Philippines too protested when he was removed; but Franklin Delano Roosevelt dismissed him in order to make room for another man so that he could pay a political debt to a "deserving Democrat." It remains one of the genuinely disgraceful acts of the present administration.

* * *

A half-million American students joined in pacifist rallies on April 22. Even where school authorities forbade them to absent themselves from classes, and threatened to make a permanent record of their pacifist activities, students struck and walked out to join the demonstrations. In schools and colleges where authorities agreed to assemblies in which students would be free to express their very definite opinions on war and peace without censorship the demonstrators attended their classes as usual.

During the day there was considerable violence, but much less than in past years. Harvard University, for example, staged its annual peace demonstration without a fight. This was the first time in several years that the day at Harvard has passed off peaceably.

One student of Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin, was injured by a policeman's "nightstick" when police broke up a student pacifist parade. The victim was taken to a hospital.

At Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and Mount Holyoke College, Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts, two of the leading women's colleges in the United States, demonstrations went forward with the active co-operation of the authorities and the faculties.

Angelo Herndon, negro Communist, addressed a mass meeting at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut; and Dorothy Thompson, American newspaper woman expelled from Germany, addressed a meeting at Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey, where a letter from Albert Einstein was read.

A tear-gas bomb broke up the student demonstration at the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas. Thereafter, a free-for-all fight broke out, to be ended only by the arrival on the scene of the dean of men.

In New York City, 16,000 students went on strike. The meeting at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, involved about 5,500 students, led and encouraged by thirteen mothers, who chanted that they did not bear their sons to be cannon fodder. An even larger and more spectacular demonstration, held at Columbia University, invoked bitter satire which was much commented upon in the Press.

There was a parade of the "William Randolph Hearst Post No. 1, Veterans of Future Wars." Twenty members of the Columbia University Band headed the procession. The band leader used a crutch for a baton.

Edwin E. Dunaway, of the class of '36, administered the Oxford oath, to fight neither "for king nor country," to 3,000 people in South Field. The colleges represented in this group included Barnard, Teachers' College, Union Theological Seminary, and the Hebrew Theological Seminary.

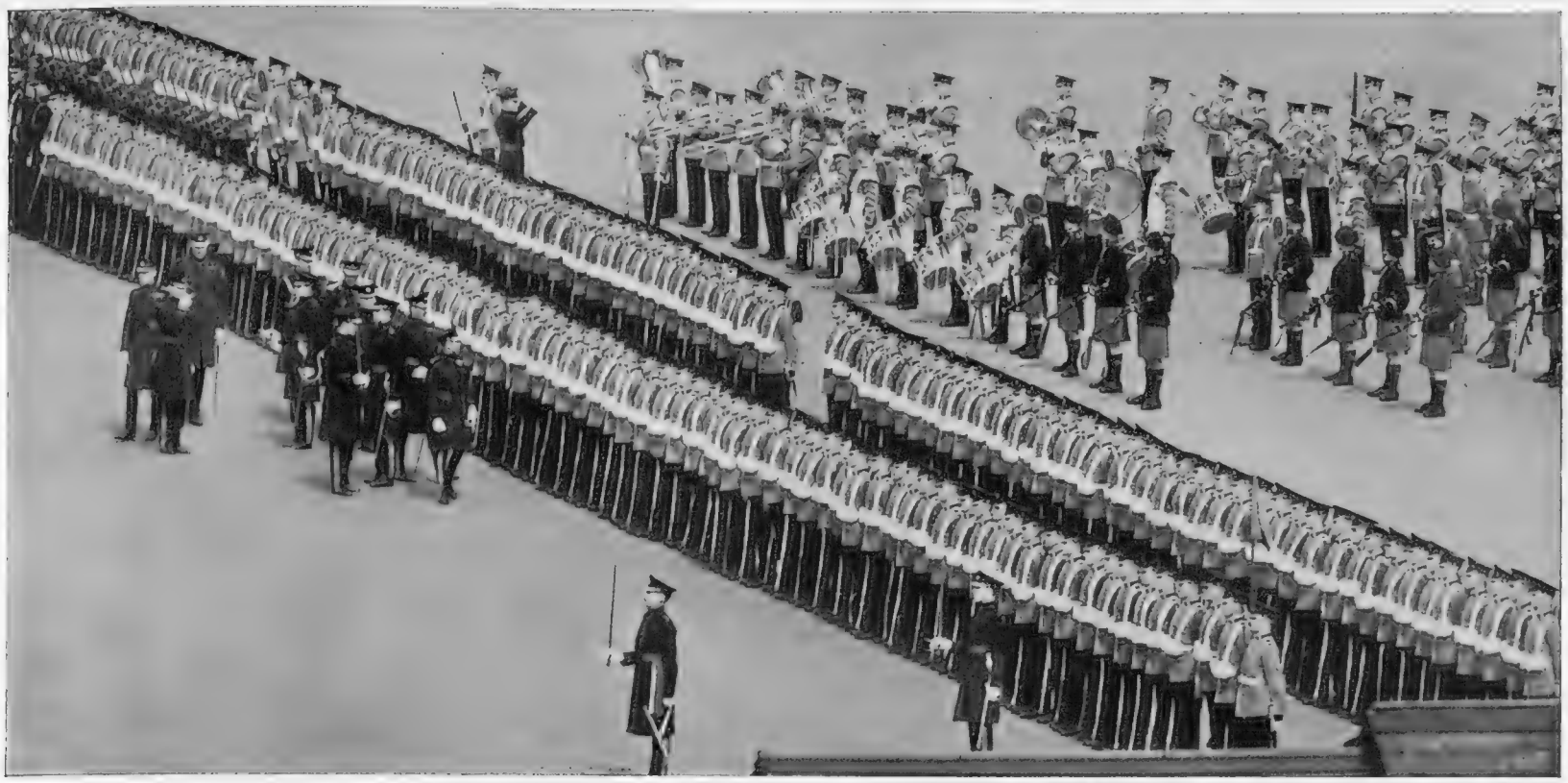
The Oxford oath was also administered to another 3,000 students of the College of the City of New York in the Great Hall of the institution. The meeting adopted a resolution calling for the immediate removal of Dr. Frederick E. Robertson, president of the college.

One thousand two hundred more students from the College of the City of New York, their ranks swelled by 500 students from Hunter College (a New York City college for women), held a demonstration at the Eternal Light (23rd Street and Fifth Avenue), which burns in honour of New York's soldier dead.

Only 252 New York City high school students walked out on strike. The strike of high school students was averted by authorities agreeing to special assemblies on behalf of peace. To avoid trouble they had no other course.

Meanwhile, the United States will send no paintings or other works of art to the biennial exhibit in Venice this year. The decision was reached by the Grand Central Art Galleries, sponsoring the exhibit, after two-thirds of the artists selected by a jury had refused to allow their paintings to go to Italy. They stated that they were protesting against Fascimo and the Ethiopian war. They made the charge that Italy intended to use foreign money, brought into the country by the exhibition, to help defray the enormous expenses brought about by the Ethiopian war.

ROYAL OCCASIONS : King Edward at Chelsea Barracks—His Indian Orderlies at the Palace, and Other Matters



THE KING INSPECTING THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE IRISH GUARDS: His Majesty, wearing the dark blue undress uniform of Colonel-in-Chief, walking down the ranks at Chelsea Barracks last week when he paid his fifth visit to a Guards regiment since his accession. *Below*—Taking the salute at the march past when he saw for the first time at a parade the new sword salute, in the final movement of which the blade is carried down and outwards to the right instead of down and forward. The King afterwards visited the barracks chapel

A SURPRISE VISIT: On the death of his father, the King succeeded to the title of Duke of Lancaster, and last week he made his first call since his accession at the offices of the Duchy of Lancaster, near Waterloo Bridge. His Majesty is pictured here as he left, accompanied by Sir John Davidson (left), Chancellor of the Duchy

THE DUKE OF YORK, accompanied by the Archduchess Anton of Austria-Tuscany, making a tour of the new Margaret McMillan House at Wrotham, Kent, a holiday home for children from nursery and camp schools at Deptford, which was opened by His Royal Highness a few days ago. Queen Mary has shown great personal interest in the scheme, and it has been inaugurated as a memorial to Margaret McMillan, the noted educationist who gave her life to the cause of child welfare

SOLDIERS OF THE KING-EMPEROR: Subadar-Major and Honorary Lieutenant Bhagat Singh, 1st Battalion, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment); Risaldar-Major Narain Singh, 6th D.C.O. Lancers; Subadar-Major Harditt Sing, 2nd Royal Battalion, 11th Sikh Regiment; and Subadar Ishar Singh, V.C., 4th Battalion, 15th Punjab Regiment, who have been chosen as King Edward's Indian Orderly Officers, leaving Buckingham Palace after being presented

EVELYN AND PICIADIARY: Two of the polo ponies brought to England by the United States team which has come over to defend the Westchester Cup. Since their arrival the players have been practising strenuously on the Beaufort Polo Club's Down Farm grounds

Popularising POLO

The Most Expensive Game in the World Comes into the News Once Again as England and the U.S. Prepare to Battle for the Coveted Westchester Cup

By CHARLES GRAVES

FOR the first time for fifteen years the Westchester Cup is to be played in England, with the automatic consequence that polo will create greater interest than at any time since before the war. Public attention will be still more closely focussed on it by the broadcast talks and commentaries on this most attractive series of three International contests. The dates are June 10, June 13, and June 20. They are timed to begin at 3.30, and there will be a parade of the English and American ponies at 3 o'clock. Both the English and American teams are at present at the Beaufort Club, Norton, practising and schooling their ponies. They do not arrive in London until next Tuesday. The American ponies are fifty in number and command an average price of £400 apiece.

By rights, of course, the Westchester Cup should be played in the United States as the Americans are the holders of the cup. It was a very sporting gesture on their part to agree to play over here, for the cost, apart from anything else, is very considerable. When our team went to the United States in 1930 it cost £13,500 apart from the inevitable personal expenses of the players. The transport of the ponies was one of the least expensive items. This was at the rate of £15 per pony. But the grooms' wages came to £3,000, which was £500 more than the forage and upkeep bill. The veterinary fees reached a total of £90. The insurance, which was fixed at 8 per cent. for a short period, came to £100. The messing bills were £700, salaries and expenses totalled £1,800.

If the truth be known the English ponies, which cost £28,000, were sold over there and a profit shown; while our share of the receipts came to £16,000. In England this year the Americans will similarly have a share of the gate money; but even with all the new stands at Hurlingham this is likely to be only a fraction of the takings in the United States. There is now accommodation at Hurlingham for 10,000 people; 5,000 seats at 2 guineas have already been booked. This is the lowest price for the international matches. The other seats go up to 5 guineas. At the twelve international trial matches, however, the public will be allowed in at prices ranging from 1s. to 5s.

As polo is notoriously the most expensive game in the world, it is not surprising that in the whole of Great Britain only 1,740 people have been allotted handicaps—in fact can be regarded seriously as regular players. Top-class polo certainly costs a lot of money. If you play on sides with handicaps totalling twenty goals and over, you must have from six to eight ponies, each costing £300 at least. (I should think that Sir Harold Wernher's string average at least £400 apiece.) You will need at least two—and probably three—grooms, each receiving £2 10s. a week. It costs £1 a week to feed each pony and 10s. a week for stabling. A dozen polo sticks at 10s. each is a minor item. Six saddles at 14 guineas is a considerable item. Three pairs of breeches at a fiver each; two pairs of 10-guinea boots; three subscriptions for three polo clubs will cost another £40 a year. It is a different story, needless to say, if you play at Cheltenham or Taunton. Two or three ponies at £70 apiece, and everything else reduced in proportion, makes it comparatively reasonable.

The American team is being selected from: Michael Phipps (8), Eric Pedley (7), Winston Guest (8), S. B. Inglehart (8), E. T. Gerry (8), R. E. Strawbridge, jnr. (7), who is captain and manager. The English team is being chosen from: Captain M. P. Ansell (6), Captain H. P. Guinness (7), H. H. Hughes (7), E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, captain (8). The reserves are Captain Fowler and Captain Prior-Palmer. It is noticeable that Gerald Balding is not in this list. It has been suggested that his claims have been rejected simply because he has not yet been asked to play. The unofficial reason given for his not being asked so far is that the selection committee has not seen him in action for three years. On the other hand, he has been playing brilliantly in the United States, and it is by no means impossible that he will be invited after all to represent Great Britain.

One of the most important factors is naturally the question of ponies. At present the English team have fifty. They have been lent by such good sportsmen as Sir Harold Wernher, Major Benson, Major Jack Harrison, Lord Cowdray, and Sir Ian Walker, but a few more top class animals are needed.

Here are the details of the two teams:—

UNITED STATES—

MICHAEL PHIPPS: Usual position No. 1. Played in England last year for the Optimists, who won the Ranelagh Open Tournament, and for the Panthers, who won the Roehampton Open Cup. Played in winning Templeton teams in the U.S.A. Open Championships of 1932, 1934 and 1935. Married an English girl, Miss Muriel Lane, at Palm Beach, Florida, on April 11 this year. She travelled from Bombay for the wedding.

ERIC PEDLEY: Usual position No. 1. Played against England in 1930. Played for three teams which won U.S.A. Open Championships, for Midwick in 1924, for Hurricanes in 1926 and 1930.

WINSTON F. C. GUEST: Usual position No. 3. Played against England in 1930. Played for Templeton teams, winners of U.S.A. Open Championships, in 1932 and 1934. Played in India in 1934. Lost top joint of his left forefinger a month ago, while harpooning sharks off the coast of Florida. Unable to practise at present.

STEWART B. INGLEHART: Usual position No. 3. Played in winning Templeton teams of 1932 and 1934 with Phipps and Guest.

E. T. GERRY: Played for Aurora team, which won U.S.A. Open Championship in 1933.

R. E. STRAWBRIDGE, junior: Captain and Manager. Played for America against England in 1924. Has played for six winning teams in U.S.A. Open Championships, for Meadowbrook in 1920 and 1923, for Great Neck in 1921, and for Hurricanes in 1926, 1929 and 1930. Strawbridge arrived in England an April 10 to make arrangements for the team and ponies.

T. HITCHCOCK, junior, rated at 10 goals, the greatest player in the world, has been unable to come. He played for U.S.A. in the last four winning teams in 1921, 1924, 1927, and 1930. His father played for U.S.A. in the first match in 1886.

ENGLAND—

CAPTAIN ANSELL: Age about thirty. No. 1. Fifth Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. Recently returned from India, where he played in Kashmir team, and is thought to have improved a lot since last season. Member of the Hurlingham team in America last year, but hurt his wrist and was unable

(Continued on page 304)

DEFENDING HIS GOAL: Mr. Stewart B. Inglehart (right), one of the leading American players, in action during a recent practise match on the Beaufort Club's ground. His position on the field is No. 3 and he played in the victorious Templeton teams of 1932 and 1934

FOREIGN SURVEY

AUSTRIA MILITANT: A Vienna battalion on parade (*above*) and recruits receiving their equipment on joining up (*right*). Two pictures illustrative of the country's "bigger army" movement which the Schuschnigg Government has instituted by its recent Conscription Act, calling for general compulsory service. Foreign critics claim this to be a flagrant breach of the military clauses of the Treaty of St. Germain, but Austria replies that although this treaty imposed restrictions, it was on the specific condition that the other signatories also practised disarmament—an obligation that has not in all cases been fulfilled

THE BELGIAN PREMIER'S VISIT TO POLAND: M. van Zeeland (left), who recently went to Warsaw to discuss the European political situation with the Polish leaders, was the guest of honour, during his stay, at a reception given by the Premier, Dr. L. Kozlowski, and he is seen here with Madame Kozlowski, Colonel Joseph Beck, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Madame van Zeeland, and his host

NEW ZEALAND'S FIRST LABOUR MINISTRY: The Speaker followed by members of the Cabinet as he returned to Parliament Building, Wellington, after paying a visit to Lord Galway, the Governor-General, following the elections

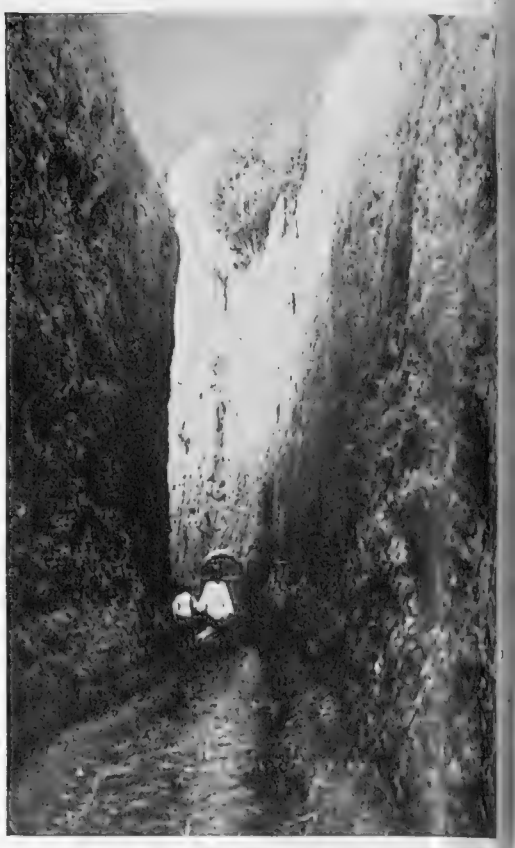
THE LEPERS' APOSTLE HONOURED: The coffin, on a hearse drawn by white horses with black plumes, about to start its journey through the thronged streets of Antwerp after the remains of Father Damien had been brought back to Belgium and had been received at the port by King Leopold and M. van Zeeland, the Prime Minister. Father Damien, who was born near Malines, went to work in the leper colony on the Pacific island of Molokai and, although himself attacked by leprosy continued to care for the sick until his death in 1889

ROYAL BAPTISM: Queen Marie of Yugoslavia holding the four-weeks old daughter of Prince Paul, the Jugoslav Regent, and Princess Olga, sister of the Duchess of Kent, when the child was christened by the Patriarch Warnawa according to the rites of the Serbian Church. The ceremony took place at the Royal Chapel, Belgrade, and the infant, the only Princess of the House of Karageorgevitch, was named Elizabeth Maria Marina. Prince Nicholas of Greece (standing next to the officiating priest), represented the Duke of Kent, who is one of the godfathers

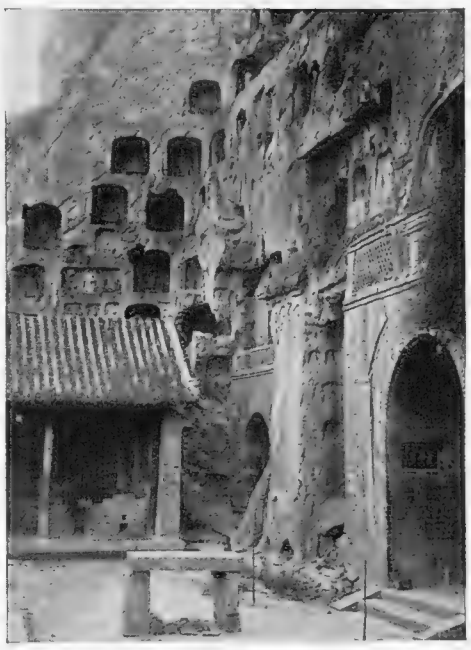
LIVING IN

The Fertile Lands of North-Western China a
their Unique Rock Formations and Cave Dwellin

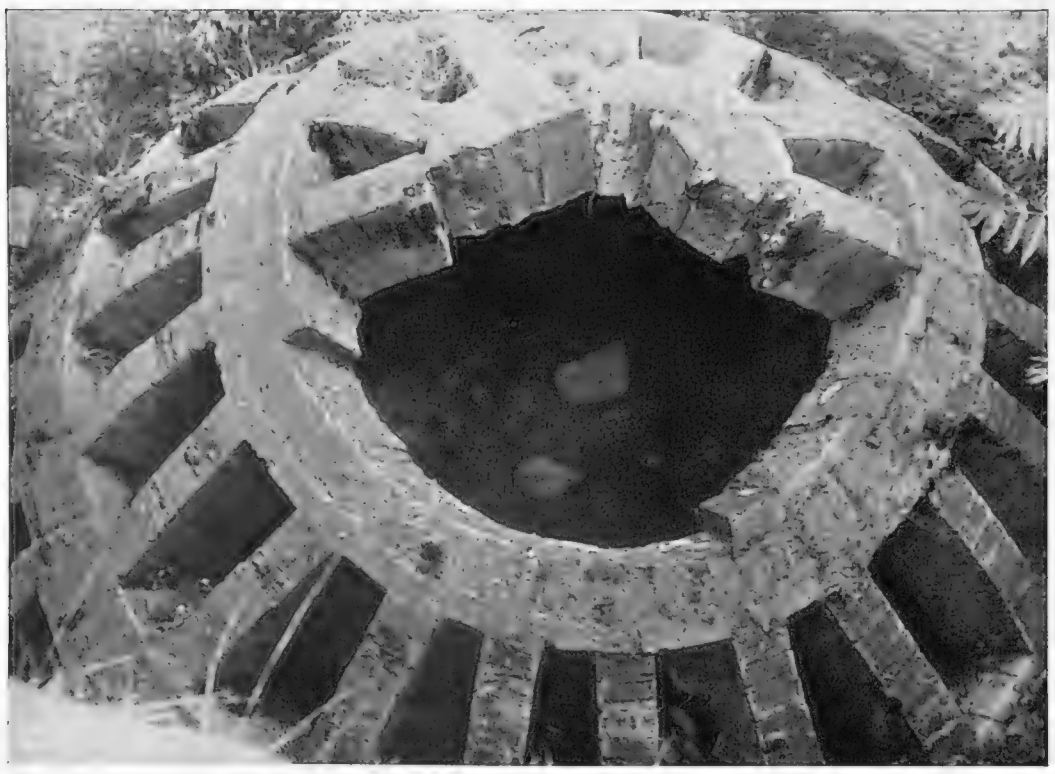
NATURE'S GIFT: Giant and lesser figures of the gods carved from a cliff face in North-West China, which is known as the "Loess Country" on account of its deposits of yellowish loam (soft porous rock) which in early days were brought down by floodwater and now cover the land to a depth of a thousand feet or more, rendering it extraordinarily fertile. From time immemorial the inhabitants have wrought representations of their deities and excavated cave dwellings in the loess which when stratified presents wonderful uniformity of structure and composition



A DEFILE THROUGH THE LOESS: Formations such as this are frequently encountered in N.W. China and are the result of the rock splitting perpendicularly in a cleft, in the sides of which houses are often built. During heavy rainfall the gorges become flooded and there is serious loss of life



FASHIONED IN THE LIVING ROCK: *Left*—Steps cut through a natural defile in the loess stratum which being comparatively soft is very much at the mercy of the elements. The nearby terraces have been made by an industrious peasant farmer who is growing a corn crop on the broken up deposit. *Right*—Cliff homes towering above a central courtyard on to which open several decorated doorways



THE MASON'S CRAFT: A fine example of a stove made from bricks of sun-baked loess. Such places are not always used for the purpose for which they were intended, the peasantry often converting them into homes

RUGGED GRANDEUR: Loess formation domin

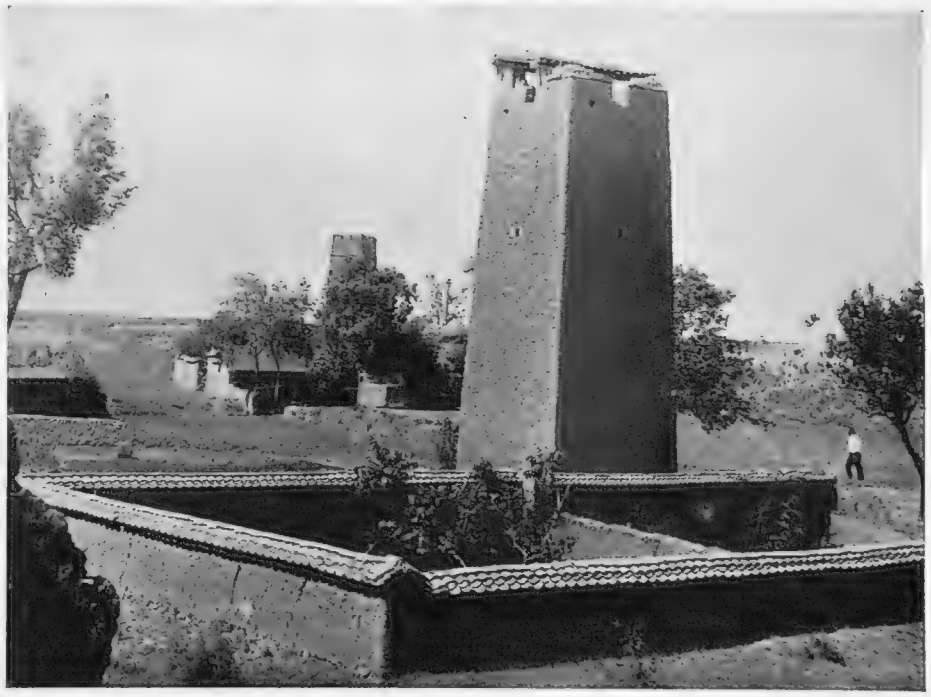
Loess is the most characteristic deposit of North-West Chin not merely giving the country a certain type of scenery bu considerably affecting the agricultural products, the type o

LOESS

"THE MOUNTAIN OF NINE FLOWERS": Scenery that epitomises the beauty of the loess country. The phœnix pine tree on the right dates from the twelfth century, and close to it is a small palace where there are many images of the gods, and there is an inscription referring to the antiquity of the tree. Stretching away in the far distance are the fertile plains where the industrious farmer may achieve as many as three crops a year

ing the countryside in the vicinity of the Yellow River

transport, and the general economic life of the people. It is peculiar to the North, and is called by the Chinese Hwang-t'u, or yellow earth. This suggests the origin of the imperial title Hwang-ti, "Ruler of the Yellow"



OBSERVATION POSTS, built of bricks of sun-baked loess, erected outside the walls of semi-underground homes which penetrate ten, twenty or more feet into the deposits of loam. *Below* —Typical cave-dwellers who insist on living in these homes that are nothing more than death traps during stormy weather, not being strong enough to resist the onrush of the floodwaters

SHADES OF WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN: The creator of America's constitution and its greatest upholder, whose portraits appear on the "Participation Certificates" issued by the Republican National Committee as election propaganda, the basis of which is the bringing about of a return to "the fundamental principles of our government"

All is True of America!

A Land of Paradox, where Conflicting Statistics Make the Economic Situation Difficult to Sum Up, but There is None the Less a Distinct Prospect of Prosperity's Return

By HARRY GREENWALL

NEW YORK.

WHEN the German mark was crashing to perdition, and a glass of beer in the Adlon Bar cost as much as the Kaiser's whole Civil List for a year, a witty commentator on the political situation remarked that everything one said about Germany was true. He meant that those who painted Germany in sombre hues and those who said that everything was fine were equally right. The same argument might well be applied to the U.S.A. these days, but, just as Germany recovered and came back on her feet after a smashing defeat, so are the United States coming back to normalcy after their great defeat. I do believe that complete recovery is not far away. I believe that about the end of next November no matter who is elected President, there will be a great boom in America. All the portents point that way. But, and there is a big but, one must not forget that everything one says about America is true. It is true that there are still 11,000,000 unemployed and it is true that the output of steel is leaping upwards. It is correct that 16,000,000 are on relief, and it is equally correct that confidence is returning very quickly. To understand the very complex situation in the U.S.A., and the U.S.A. was always the most paradoxical country in the world, one must travel and talk.

That is what I did. I talked with editors of New York newspapers while the presses thundered beneath our feet. I spoke to ushers in cinemas, to air hostesses in hurtling airplanes; I talked to barbers, to train conductors, to taxi drivers, in other words I talked to America, but America did not answer me with one voice. A ruined stockbroker panhandling for 1s. to buy a meal in a street off Broadway can't be expected to boost either Hoover or Roosevelt, but the out-of-work actor who finds Roosevelt running State theatres thanks all his lucky stars that there has been a New Deal. But then, take the man with a small business who has been battling his way all through Depression, what of him? All he sees are bigger and bigger taxes, and he wonders who is going to foot the bill which the New Deal has cost and will cost.

The truth of the matter is that nobody is perfectly sure what caused the bottom to fall out of the Almighty Dollar, and nobody is certain what will cause a return to Prosperity, but Americans are just beginning to see that their panic was as foolish as most of the advertised cures for it. The American is just beginning to regain a belief in himself, and that is no doubt one of the best portents of returning Prosperity. One of the most amusing things, and perhaps one of the most truly significant, is the warning against the *next* Depression which several newspapers have been publishing.

Were I to line up factors which I consider point towards an early recovery, at the head of my list I would itemise the important part women are playing in the great recovery act. It was recently discovered in the U.S.A. that two-fifths of the wealth of the country is in the hands of the women. Brokers are well aware of how women "play the markets,' not only the wealthy women but the working women who save a little money. They were badly hit by the Wall Street smash of October, 1929, when stocks crashed and men started jumping off sky-scrapers. Now the women are slowly coming back, not necessarily to speculate, but to invest for the rise they feel is going to come.

Besides the working women there are thousands of wealthy, very wealthy, women, who are in receipt of big incomes through insurance policies or through alimony. Many of these women invest only on the advice of financial experts. Many were advised to "get out of the market" when sane judges felt that the limit of safety had been reached: many stayed in because they thought the sky was the limit, ever feeling higher for the top. Most of these wealthy women are now ready and willing to listen to the advice of their advisers, and they are buying stocks, particularly steel, to hold for a rise in the early part of 1937.

Women, too, are realising their importance in the economic life of the United States. There has recently been a campaign to "follow Hitler and put women back in the kitchens." Propagandists state that if women were turned out of industry 10,000,000 men would be put back to work. Feminists have an argument of their own. They say that unless this campaign halts the women of the United States of America will declare a strike and merchants and others will find themselves without secretaries, telephone exchanges will be silent, and the industrial life of America will come to a standstill.

I find women active in other strata of American life. They are demanding new curtains for the home, a new coat of paint for this or that, and it seems to me that American husbands have been roped into the movement, for I find facts to prove that more and more buyers of women's garments are journeying to Europe to purchase models for dresses and hats. Another portent. The bookings for Europe this spring are the best for years.

But women are not entirely the pioneers in this fortunate return to normalcy. Men are finding that their cars are in a terrible state, they find that the house needs new plumbing, that the garden tools were lost three years ago and have never been replaced. The motor car manufacturing figures show just how true facts about the old cars are.

I have given several of the sections of the bright side of the medal. Now let us just look at the other side, not so bright, say many people.

In the past three and a half years an entirely new class has been formed in the United States. There are people, women as well as men, who say loudly, what's the use of working, let's make Uncle Sam give us a job.

Uncle Sam is the traditional tall, lanky fellow with a pointed beard, the opposite number of John Bull. Uncle Sam once upon a time used to be the man who represented the U.S.A. in a patriotic mood; maybe he still does, but the old chap has become symbolic for the good-natured rather stupid old uncle who never minds putting his hand in his pocket. The song of Depression: "Brother, can you spare a dime?" has been changed to, "Uncle, have you got a job?". And if you take a look at some of the jobs Uncle Sam has been creating for his nephews and nieces, maybe you won't be surprised.

The good-natured fellow has been spending millions of dollars on all sorts of things which to the Tory Republican smack of Socialism. I have referred briefly to the State theatres, but there are more State subsidised theatres and other places of entertainment in the United States to-day than in all the European countries combined. There are theatres in all the big cities, and there are touring companies "on the road." There are huge symphony orchestras, and string quartets, and choirs, and there are State wireless performances, and many other things of a similar nature which the man in the streets never expected to hear of outside of Russia. There are naturally thousands and thousands who are very glad. Some are glad because employment has been given to hundreds of thousands of deserving people, who are made to work for their "dole." There are others who are less glad. They are just the people who have for many years provided entertainment as their job. They have sold entertainment just as the grocer has sold butter. They are to-day paying high taxes, and they are not at all pleased to have the State as a competitor. We should no doubt be very sorry indeed for these people, and when I was first here on this trip I nearly wept with and for the impresarios. Then I went out to try and purchase

(Continued on page 312)

"NEW YORK'S FAVOURITE SON": Mr. Roosevelt receiving a gold medal from Donald Todd, of the Eagle Engine Company, in recognition of his twenty-five years of membership of the Hyde Park Volunteer Fire Department. A recent picture of the President, whose strenuous years of office do not appear to have robbed him either of his abundant energy or good humour. His chances of being re-elected are very bright

Britain's East African Mandated Territory Registers a Vehement Protest at the Prospect of Return to Germany

TANGANYIKA IN THE NEWS

Scenes in the Country To-day — The King's African Rifles, its Efficient Defence Force, and Aspects of Native Life

BUSINESSLIKE: A detachment of the King's African Rifles marching through Dar-es-Salaam, the seat of the British administration in Tanganyika Territory. Two battalions and one company of this efficient force are stationed in the country and there are also native police under the command of Europeans. Britain received a mandate to administer this former German colony in 1918 from the Allied and Associated Powers, whose decision was confirmed by the League of Nations in 1922, but recent talk of transferring the mandate to Germany has aroused grave disquietude, and a committee representing all interests and races in the territory has been formed to combat the suggestion, the first meeting being held a few days ago with Sir William Lead, leader of the unofficial members of the Legislative Council, taking the chair. As a result it was decided that a full statement of the case be prepared and sent to London following the initial cable of protest

ROUNDERS! Native girl pupils at Malangali School about to start a game of "stepping-stones". This consists of moving rapidly clock-wise from stone to stone, the while each contestant attempts to push the one in front of her off her balance. The survivor at the end of this exhausting process is declared the winner

A SQUATTER'S HOME: A white settler outside his thatched house at Tunduru on the Lindi-Songea road in the extreme south of the territory

The right of Germans to free entry into Tanganyika, the colony that was formerly theirs, was granted at the end of 1925, and although many hundreds of them have taken advantage of this opportunity it is significant that opinion in the territory is so strongly opposed to a transference of the mandate to Germany. This feeling is summed up in the cable of protest that has been sent to various influential bodies and M.Ps. in Britain and which reads as follows: "A fully representative territorial committee is being organised immediately to convey to the Imperial Government the serious alarm aroused among all British, Europeans, Indians, and natives by the evasive attitude of His Majesty's Ministers regarding the permanency of British rule in Tanganyika. Our unanimous opinion is that any consideration of the transfer of mandates would be a serious breach of faith and of repeated pledges. The present uncertain position is gravely retarding the economic development of the territory. The committee desires to co-operate with all bodies interested"

On left—THE BISMARCK ROCK: A freak formation situated on an island at the southern end of Victoria Nyanza, not far from the town of Mwanza

Bombs Versus Battleships

The Navy's Vulnerability to Air Attack Once Again Becomes a Burning Question

By C. D. PALMER

DEATH THROES OF THE "ALABAMA": A test of the structural strength of warships carried out some years ago in American waters, when this and another vessel were attacked from the air, first light and then heavy bombs being employed. When the latter were dropped it was all over in a matter of 30 seconds

THE Bomb versus Battleship controversy has blazed up again in Parliament over the Government proposal to build two new capital ships, and meantime a sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence is sitting: "To consider the experiments which have taken place or are proposed in connection with defence against aircraft and the vulnerability from the air of capital ships."

The committee's finding will probably not be decisive either way. It is unlikely to agree wholeheartedly with those air enthusiasts and a minority of naval opinion that the air bomb has made the battleship a back number, but on the other hand it will not decide that battleships have nothing to fear from aircraft attack. Its findings are likely to be a compromise. The trouble is that nobody knows what aircraft can do against battleships because no up-to-date air force has ever been in action against a modern fleet.

There have of course been plenty of trials of aircraft against battleships under peace conditions. The Americans started soon after the war with two comparatively modern ships handed over by Germany. These tests showed that light bombs were more or less ineffective, but that when heavy bombs were used the ships were quickly sunk, the most serious damage being caused by bombs which actually missed the ships but exploded close alongside. The underwater concussion so damaged the hulls below the waterline that the ships sank.

Here in England bombing trials against battleships have been carried out regularly for some fifteen years. First of all the old battleship H.M.S. *Agamemnon* was used, and later the more modern H.M.S. *Centurion*. Both these ships were wirelessly controlled from an attendant destroyer, and during the trials steamed and manœuvred without a soul on board. But no real attempt was made to test the damage which could be caused by large aerial bombs. The target ships were too valuable and costly to replace to risk their being seriously damaged and possibly sunk, and they were used more for trials of bombing accuracy than for tests of bombing power.

One of the problems which face the Navy in defending itself against air attack is uncertainty as to the method which may be used. There are three main forms of bombing attack which may be used individually or in combination with machine-gun attack by fighters as a possible important auxiliary.

The high-altitude precision bombing attack can be very accurate nowadays, although a battleship presents a very small mark from any great height, even if stationary. This method has the disadvantage that to take accurate aim the bombing machine must fly a straight course for an appreciable time before reaching the point at which its bombs must be dropped. This gives the anti-aircraft guns time to get in effective fire. On the other hand, at great heights and under suitable weather conditions, a formation of bombers might approach unobserved and unload its bombs before the anti-aircraft guns could get to work.

The Navy maintains that the manœuvrability of the battleship would render precision-bombing ineffective, and only a small percentage of the bombs would be dangerous. Airmen claim that the rate of turn of a battleship at speed is so slow and regular that its manœuvres would make little difference to accuracy.

One advantage of high altitude bombing is the penetration obtained for armour-piercing bombs which would penetrate the deck armour and explode within the ship much as an armour-piercing shell explodes. Armour-piercing bombs contain relatively little explosive in proportion to their mass as compared with light cased bombs for blast effect, and they would be completely ineffective if they fell in the sea. Bombs for blast effect would not penetrate but would damage the superstructure. If arranged for delayed action they would cause damage by concussion if they fell close alongside but would probably break up before they had time to explode if they hit an armoured deck.

DIRECT HIT: A 300 lb. demolition bomb exploding on the deck of the *Alabama*. She was accounted for by a 2,000-pounder

Thus high altitude bombing would be largely a compromise in the use of these various bombs and attacking formations of say twenty-five machines would probably have to carry an assortment of bombs; delayed action armour-piercing, instantaneous high explosive, and delayed action high explosive, to be sure of getting the best effect. Such an arrangement is obviously uneconomical. Another point: fleet fighters to be of use in defence against high altitude attack would require good warning of the approach of the enemy to allow them to take off from the ships and reach his height. A system of standing patrols above a fleet is impracticable at present and in case of surprise fleet fighters would be of little use.

Dive bombing is now the most favoured form of bombing attack. The attackers arrive at great heights and dive on their target, actually pointing their machines at it, and release their bombs at say 2,000 ft. This method is very accurate but the bombs lack the penetration of those dropped from great heights.

The Navy claims that diving attacks can be combated by anti-aircraft guns and the new pom-poms. Alternatively, fighters can be sent up to intercept the enemy once he is sighted or known to be approaching and will at any rate be able to engage him after he has dived to deliver his attack, even if they have not time to intercept him before he dives. Here again a system of standing patrols is impracticable.

The third method of bombing attack is by torpedo. The torpedo bombers dive down and launch their torpedoes at the ships and climb rapidly away again. They have to fly straight and low, parallel to the water, for a few moments while sighting and releasing their torpedoes and that is the time when anti-aircraft and other guns can be trained on them with effect. A barrage of shell fire can be put up in front of them and even a barrage of water splashes from shells striking the water. A machine striking a shell splash would probably be wrecked. But such an attack under cover of hazy weather might achieve surprise and deliver its torpedoes before the guns could be brought to bear.

These three forms of bombing attack may be combined with the addition of diving machine-gun attacks by low flying fighters on the superstructure and gun crews. It seems that a combined attack must succeed in some measure because the gunners will be distracted by the many machines diving from different directions and in the confusion a number of machines will be able to deliver their bombs unhindered. There is also the question of anti-aircraft ammunition supply. The new pom-poms use up ammunition at a terrific rate and a vast supply would be needed.

There are of course the fleet fighters. A few of our warships carry one or two machines which are launched by catapult but experts are disturbed by the small number of our ships which are so equipped. In this respect there is much leeway to be made up. The aircraft carriers of course carry large numbers of machines, but carriers are unhandy things and have to steam into the wind to launch their aircraft and to allow them to land on again. Also they are very vulnerable and a well-placed bomb on the flying deck would prevent machines from landing and taking off. If machines were in the air when the deck was hit machines would have no choice but to come down in the sea or, if they could, make for the nearest friendly aerodrome.

At the moment a struggle is going on behind the scenes for control of our sea-going air forces. The Navy wants control of the Fleet Air Arm as part of the Navy, of the coast defence flying boats and aeroplanes and of the torpedo bombers. In fact it wants a separate Naval Air Service. The controversy was fought out and decided years ago, but is being revived now with renewed vigour, and a great deal is likely to be heard on the subject both inside and outside Parliament.

But the riddle of how to protect a fleet against aircraft and whether aircraft can disable and sink battleships remains unsolved.

ONE METHOD OF CARRYING BOMBS: Deadly burdens supported beneath the lower wing of one of the six Shark seaplanes recently built by a British firm for the Portuguese Navy

ANOTHER TERROR OF NAVIES: A torpedo wheeled into position and being fitted to the undercarriage of one of the Royal Air Force's high speed Vildebeests before taking off on a practise flight

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST

A Special Section Dealing with the Great Peak, an Assault on which is Soon to be Made by Mr. Hugh Ruttledge and His Party

THE SHAPE OF EVEREST: A distant view giving an idea of the general outlines of the great mountain, which was described by the late George Leigh Mallory, who lost his life during the 1924 ascent, as "a prodigious white fang excrescent from the jaw of the world." It was Mallory, too, who wrote his impressions in such glowing prose on first sighting the peak when on an early reconnaissance expedition. "We were now able to make out," he said, "almost exactly where Everest should be, but the clouds were dark in that direction. We gazed at them intently through field glasses as though by some miracle we might pierce the veil. Presently the miracle happened. We caught the gleam of snow behind the grey mists. A whole group of mountains began to appear in gigantic fragments. Mountains are often fantastic seen through a mist; these were like the wildest creation of a dream. A preposterous triangular lump rose out of the depths. To the left a black serrated crest was hanging in the sky incredibly. Gradually, we saw the great mountain sides and glaciers' arêtes, now one fragment and now another through the floating rifts, until far higher in the sky than imagination had dared to suggest the white summit of Everest appeared"

Pictures by courtesy of the Everest Committee

COHORTS OF THE MONSOON VEILING THE SLOPES AT SUNSET: A picture taken from a camp situated at a height of about 20,000 ft. in the Kharta valley, and illustrating the rapidity with which the weather changes in the Himalaya. The weather is perhaps the most vital factor in the conquest of the mountain, and fortunately the forecast this year is entirely favourable. Dr. Sen, chief meteorologist at Calcutta, predicting that conditions will be far better towards the end of this month and at the beginning of June than they were in the corresponding period of 1933 when the last attempt was made. A member of the 1922 expedition has written a picturesque description of one aspect of the climatic vagaries of the North Face. "In the breeze which sprang up on our side, blowing across the ridge from the right," he said "we recognised an enemy, 'the old wind in the old anger,' the devastating wind of Tibet. The wolf had come in lamb's clothes. But we were not deceived. Remembering bitter experiences down in the plains now 10,000 ft. below us, we expected little mercy here."

EVEREST, 1936

Will the Next Few Weeks see the Conquest of the Mighty Peak that has for so Long Defied the Hardihood of Man?

THE WAY UP: A diagrammatic drawing showing how the early camps pitched by past Everest expeditions have followed the course of the great Rongbuk Glacier, and showing the bird and insect life found at varying altitudes. The monastery lies at 16,500 ft. and is an unpleasantly cold spot

WITH the arrival of the party on the lower slopes of the mountain the 1936 Mount Everest Expedition is now approaching the climax of its effort, and in a few weeks time the world will know whether the aids of modern science have at last made possible the conquest of the world's most fearsome peak which so far has defied all comers, defeating attempt after attempt when the goal seemed within an ace of being attained. We may learn, too, for the first time, where and how Mallory and Irvine met their end; those two intrepid climbers who so dramatically and so tragically disappeared into the clouds surrounding the final pyramid. This year Mr. Ruttledge, who also led the 1933 expedition, has under his command as distinguished a band of mountaineers as has ever before been assembled, and if the luck of the weather is with him, as it is forecast it will be, it seems that he has an outstanding chance. He knows his job and, drawing upon his wealth of experience, has chosen his team and equipment in a manner that leaves no possible room for criticism. Particular attention has again been paid to the selection of the diet for, as is well known, the suitability of the foodstuffs for maintaining human energy at very high altitudes is of the utmost importance, the rarefied air obtaining at heights in excess of 20,000 ft. causing appetites to flag and need tempting.

This time the menu has been studied so that none of the essential vitamins should be omitted. Vitamin A, for instance, is being obtained from a supply of halibut oil; B comes from yeast pills, while D, which is most important for its anti-scorbutic qualities, is provided by a lemon juice of a special highly concentrated type. Canned foods, of course, predominate in order to facilitate transport, and in this category have been included: tongue, ham, brisket, and, as special luxuries, paté de foie gras and caviare. As a change from this the party is able to have rice, butter-beans, and lentils, which are being prepared in high-pressure cookers, designed to overcome the fact that at great altitudes water boils when only at tepid heat. Eggs are another important item, and 3,500 of these were shipped and are being kept fresh by an entirely new process.

As regards the equipment it need hardly be said that Mr. Ruttledge and his colleagues have taken the same care as they have in attending to other details. In the words of Mr. Shipton, a leading member of the expedition, the basis of choice has been simplicity. "This is most important," he said in a recent interview with the *Daily Telegraph*, "and it is essential to guard against gadgets, for these have a trick of going wrong at critical times, and then you may be badly let down." This year particularly strong tents are being taken, and the sleeping bags are also a distinct improvement on those employed in 1933, having a double eiderdown lining, and the quilting so arranged that those parts of the body in contact with the stitching do not become cold.

Wireless is, of course, another essential feature of the equipment, just as it was three years ago, and receiving and transmitting sets, capable of sending short wave messages are being set up at the various camps as far as Camp V (25,700 ft.) in order, primarily, for the members of the expedition to keep in touch on the mountain itself, secondly, to receive news from the weather experts in Calcutta, and thirdly, for sending news to Darjeeling to be re-transmitted to England. The station at Camp V will be the highest ever before established.

Another highly important feature is the oxygen apparatus that may be used on the final assault on the summit, and this was tried out by Mr. Shipton at the end of January on Box Hill, near Dorking, Surrey. Wearing a face mask, and carrying a thirty-three pound cylinder on his back, he negotiated the steep 590 ft. ascent at the rate of 1,300 ft. an hour, at the same speed in fact as will be possible in the region of Everest's summit. The advantages of this apparatus, it seems, is that the user will be able to inhale from and exhale into the bag connected with the oxygen cylinder. Formerly he had to exhale into the air.

In connection with this question of artificial respiration, it is of interest here to quote the opinion on the subject of Mr. F. S. Smythe who in his recently published book *The Spirit of the Hills* (Hodder and Stoughton) said "it is to be hoped that the highest hills will be ascended without use of oxygen apparatus, the use of which is inimical to the ideals of mountaineering, even taking into account expediency on the grounds of safety and success. To climb breathing oxygen, in order merely to reach a summit, would be a dreadful anti-climax to the work of an expedition; it would, indeed, be in the nature of an insult to that work. If a mountain is climbed thus, the ascent will not be a genuine one from a mountaineering standpoint, and the mountain will still await a mountaineer who can, by his own unaided powers, overcome the problem set by Nature."

Mr. Smythe will be making his fourth expedition to the Himalaya and ranks second in experience to Mr. Ruttledge. The other members of the party are as follows:—

E. E. SHIPTON, a member of the 1933 expedition and famous for his successful exploration, when he and Mr. Tilman were the first to penetrate the great glacier basin of Nanda Devi.

P. WYN HARRIS, Kenya Civil Service. He has a great climbing record and went to about 28,000 ft. in 1933.

E. G. H. KEMPSON, a master at Marlborough College. He has had long experience of both summer and winter mountaineering in the Alps and was with Mr. Shipton last year in the Himalaya.

Dr. C. B. WARREN, formerly of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Another mountaineer who was with Mr. Shipton this year.

F. H. L. WIGRAM, medical student, St. Thomas's Hospital. A member of Mr. Shipton's party last year, and has a long record in the Alps.

LIEUT. J. M. L. GAVIN, Royal Engineers. Has never been to the Himalaya, but did extremely well in Mr. Smythe's party in the Alps.

LIEUT. P. R. OLIVER, South Waziristan Scouts. First made a name by taking a small expedition of his own to the Himalaya in 1933, when he made the second ascent of Trisul, 23,406 ft.

MAJOR C. J. MORRIS, late 2–3rd Gurkha Rifles. Assistant transport officer on the Expedition of 1922, and chief transport officer this year.

DR. NOEL HUMPHREYS, who has climbed in Switzerland and East Africa, and recently returned after leading the expedition to Ellesmere Land. A man of proved endurance.

LIEUT. W. R. SMIJTH-WINDHAM, Royal Corps of Signals. One of the two wireless officers who accompanied the 1933 expedition.

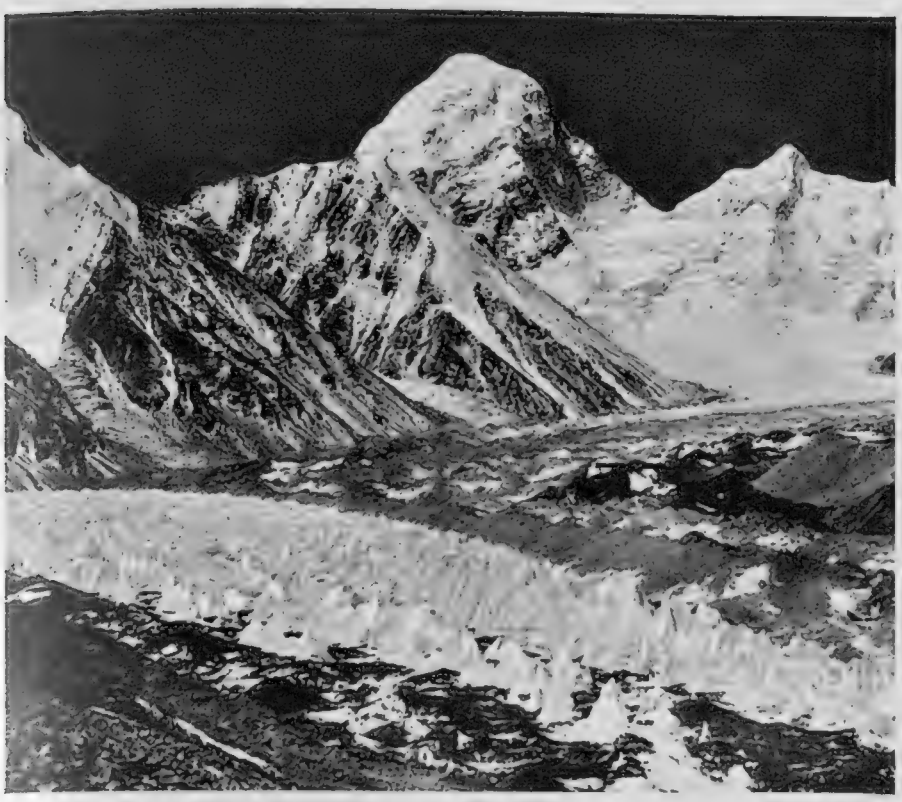
A CAMP IN THE RONGBUK GLACIER with séracs, varying in height from 50 to 100 ft. dominating the background

The average age of the twelve men who form the expedition is about 34

Mr. Ruttledge	51
Mr. F. S. Smythe	35
Mr. E. E. Shipton	28
Mr. Wyn Harris	32
Mr. G. Kempson	33
Dr. C. B. Warren	30
Mr. E. L. Wigram	24
Lieutenant J. M. L. Gavin	29
Lieutenant P. R. Oliver	29
Major C. J. Morris	36
Dr. Humphreys	52
Lieutenant W. R. Smijth-Windham	30

THE LEADER: Mr. Hugh Ruttledge who besides having conducted the 1933 attempt on the summit has a considerable knowledge of conditions in the Himalaya gained during his career in the Indian Civil Service. At fifty-one he is still slim, hard, and fit

Through a Silent Enchanted Land



IN THE GREAT RONGBUK GLACIER up which the 1936 Everest expedition has recently been making its way following a pleasant and uneventful journey from Darjeeling. *Above* A distant view of the tumbled "sea" of ice, the tops of the waves being represented by séracs, varying in height from 50 to 100 ft., which are seen in closer detail on the right. "Photography can give no true picture of the ice scenery of this glacier" says Mr. Hugh Ruttledge. "It can but show the outlines and mass of the pinnacles, not their gradations of blue, green, and grey, and their transparent loveliness. Would that some great painter could accompany us to Everest. The least imaginative of mountaineers must feel as he watches his companions winding in and out among the vast ice towers, that he is in an enchanted land where things undreamt of in his philosophy may occur at any moment. All is silence save for the murmur of some little glacier stream"

AMID THE SÉRACS: A member of the 1933 expedition standing in one of the troughs which have to be traversed in the Rongbuk Glacier. The stagnant air here is apt to induce an extraordinary and devitalising lassitude unless the party is very fully acclimatised, or unless a strong wind is blowing. The phenomenon is by no means unknown in the Alps, but it is so pronounced in the Himalaya that the mountaineer sometimes feels scarcely capable of placing one foot in front of the other and has an irresistible desire to sit down and admire the scenery, the loveliness of which beggars description

THE NORTH COL: A Strange Feature of Everest and the First Serious Problem for the Climber

Above and on left—THE TOP OF THE NORTH COL which is connected with the North Peak by a great ice-ridge

THE route to Everest from Darjeeling presents no great mountaineering difficulties and the real struggle begins on approaching the North Col, for here a steep glacier ice-fall is always on the move and, in the words of Mr. Ruttledge, "a negotiable route of one year may be seamed by crevasses or barred by ice-cliffs the next." Danger is always present. In 1921 the snow on a traverse near the Col peeled off the ice after Mallory's party had crossed it. In 1922, on the fatal day of June 7, an avalanche carried away both climbers and porters and killed seven men. In 1924, safety was only secured by a sensational détour to the right, or north, involving the ascent of an almost vertical ice-chimney. "Clearly we must work out a route for ourselves," said Mr. Ruttledge in 1933, "as a comparison of the photographs taken by previous expeditions with what we now see shows that the slopes have changed considerably. In place of the 1924 route there is a shining slope of ice, at the foot of which is the tumbled debris of many an avalanche. It would take weeks to cut steps up this slope, and climbers would be in constant danger from the overhanging masses above. To the south, a whole series of ice-cliffs rise one above the other—clean-cut precipices which no human being could surmount."

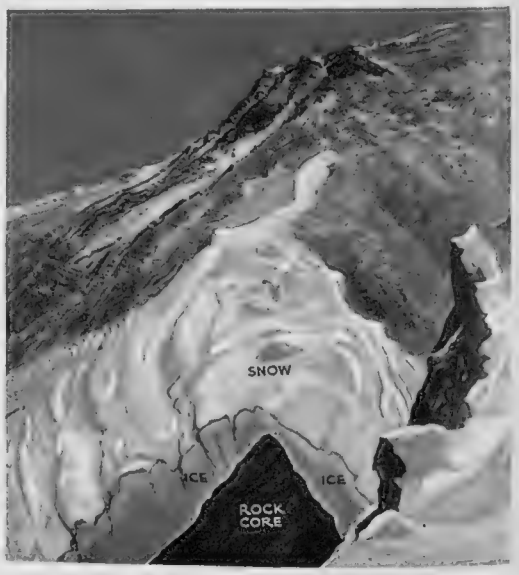
The leader of the present expedition also has much to say of interest on the geological formation of the Col, and in a letter to THE SPHERE he recently pointed out that there are two theories regarding it.

(1) That the North Col slopes are "fossil névé. Odell appears to hold this view, suggesting that this great ice mass in all probability represents the lingering remains of a once greater amount that may have been more uninterruptedly continuous with the East Rongbuk Glacier when the latter at an earlier period filled its basin to a higher level." See *The Fight for Everest, 1924*, pages 307 and 308. This amounts to holding that the Tibetan plateau, in one or more of the Ice Ages, was covered by an ice sheet.

(2) That "it is an accumulation of particles blown up from the West. Norton, Wager and I think most Everesters believe this is a more likely solution. Wager thinks there is no evidence of an ice-sheet in Southern Tibet. See *Everest 1933*, page 318. There is no feeding glacier above the North Col, though of course there may be, and probably is, a certain amount of lateral pressure from the comparatively small snow arêtes of the North ridge of Everest and of the South ridge of the North Peak. I feel pretty sure that the ice masses have been formed by a continual accretion of snow blown over from the West."

THE 1933 ATTEMPT

Jan. 20	— Expedition left England.
Mar. 3–8	— Expedition left Darjeeling.
Apr. 16	— Arrived Rongbuk.
Apr. 21	— Camp 1 established.
Apr. 26	— Camp 2 established.
May 2	— Camp 3 established.
May 15	— Camp 4 established.
May 22	— Camp 5 established.
May 29	— Camp 6 established.
May 30	— First assault by Wyn Harris and Wager.
June 1	— Second assault by Smythe and Shipton.
July 2	— Return begun.



GEOLOGICAL FORMATION: A diagrammatic sketch showing how the North Col is made up of layers of snow and ice above a solid rock core. (*Drawn for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson*)

STORMING THE CITADEL:

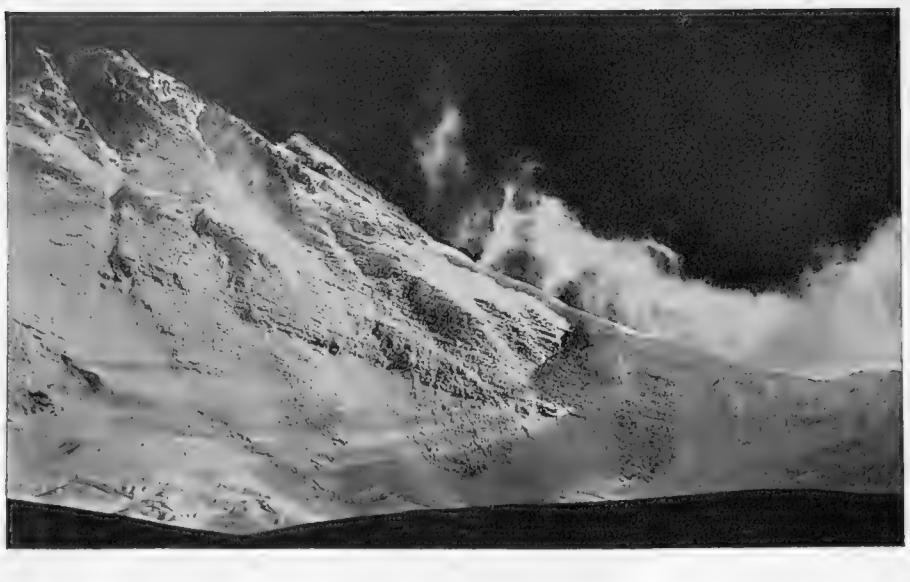
The Last Vital and Dangerous Stage of the Climb to Everest's Summit

IN THE SHADOW OF THE RIDGE WALL: D. Macpherson, in this drawing specially made for "The Sphere," conjures up the scene as the two men chosen for the final assault on the summit, 1,600 ft. higher than the last camp (No. VI), make their way over the snow-covered sloping slabs which are much like the tiles on the roof of a house, and where one slip would probably mean a death plunge into a glacier thousands of feet below. The line along the ridge above them might provide easier going, but past expeditions have found that in the limited time available it cannot be reached and that the wiser plan is to take this dangerous lower route, which, as far as can be ascertained at the moment, eventually leads to a point where the summit is rendered fairly accessible

In describing the establishment of Camp VI in 1933, Sir Francis Younghusband, author of *Everest—the Challenge*, writes: "All went well, and the only difficulty was to find a spot sufficiently large and sufficiently level on which one tent, seven feet long and four feet wide, could be pitched. The whole mountain-side was of steeply-sloping slabs; and the utmost that could be found was a fairly pronounced ledge, sloping outwards, clogged with snow, and nowhere more than three feet wide. A kind of platform was built up on this. The little ten-pound tent was anchored on it as securely as possible, four sleeping-bags, provisions for four days for four men, and some cooking-pots were deposited in it; and Camp VI, at an altitude of 27,400 ft., was established. A great mountaineering feat in itself."

Drawn by D. Macpherson

A PRECARIOUS BEDROOM: An impression of Camp VI pitched at a height of over 27,400 ft. by the 1933 Everest Expedition and from which the abortive, but courageous attempts on the summit were made. There was little room for the tent, which had to be perched on a narrow sloping ledge, and as it was so situated one sleeper was apt to roll down on another. A further description of this camp so near the roof of the world is given in the left-hand column in the words of Sir Francis Younghusband



THE WAY TO EVEREST'S SUMMIT

A Drawing Specially Made for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson Under the Supervision of Hugh Ruttledge, the Leader of the 1936 Expedition, and His Colleague E. E. Shipton

On left—THE NORTH COL: The point at which the climbing party enters on the most arduous phase of the ascent, facing the natural obstacles and the problems of cold and altitude. It is near here that Camp IV is established

SCENE OF THE FINAL ASSAULT: A diagrammatic drawing of the citadel of Everest which has defeated the efforts of four British expeditions to reach its summit, but, if all goes well, may be scaled at any time during the next few weeks. This is the only side of the mountain from which a successful ascent appears at all possible, and the party that made the attempt in 1933 found that there was a choice of routes on the last thousand feet or more, some advocating the following of the summit ridge and others a lower way along the portion of the mountain-face known as the Yellow Band. Practice and opinion seem to have hardened on the desirability of the latter alternative which takes the climber to the "great couloir," the highest point reached in 1933. The crossing of this is no easy matter unless conditions are perfect

The various factors concerned in a successful assault on Everest are fully discussed by Sir Francis Younghusband in his new volume just published by Nelson's and in it he describes the attempt on the citadel made by Wyn Harris and Wager in 1933. "Their intention was," he says, "to reach the crest of the ridge, and proceed along it to the final pyramid and up that to the summit, 1,600 ft. above their camp, and about a mile and a quarter distant. With a whole day before them this seemed a fairly reasonable proposition. But the line along the crest was found to be impracticable. They came up against a dark grey precipice, smooth and holdless. It was impossible to proceed farther. Their only course was to climb along the side of the mountain, as Norton and Somervell had done some years before. Even this, though, was both difficult and dangerous. They had to pass over snow-covered sloping slabs much like the tiles on the roof of a house. And, as the slope ended in a sheer precipice, a slip would have landed them on a glacier 10,000 feet below. . . .

"The climber of Everest," says Sir Francis elsewhere in his book, "at the actual moment that he is standing on the summit, will have no appreciation of its glory, or even pride in himself. From want of oxygen he will be in no state to feel anything. It will take all his remaining energies to enable him mechanically to descend the mountain. But once he is down at sea-level again, how will he be able to do anything else than rejoice that he has been able to carry to final fruition what his predecessors had prepared for him, and that as the representative of man he has been able to put the mountain under his foot. . . ."

* * *

"Smythe endorses Norton's view that the final pyramid should be approached by Norton's route and not by the crest. What he thinks would prove the crux of the climb would be the ascent of about 400 ft. of the subsidiary couloir on to the face of the final pyramid, though possibly, as the snow in the couloir would almost certainly be soft and powdery, it might be necessary to utilize the rocks by the side of it. Owing to the direct nature of this climb up the couloir, rope could be used to advantage, and he would advise using rope on this portion of the climb, for not only is the route technically difficult, but it is one where a tired man on the descent from the summit might all too probably slip. Therefore he would advise that the climbers should carry with them, apart from what rope they may require for climbing purposes, at least 400 ft. of the lightest line. The climbers would wear leather belts, and on the descent thread the line through them."

THE NEW FORTH BRIDGE

A Big Shipment of Rolling Stock from Middlesbrough—A Luxury Coastal Steamer

BULKY CARGO: One of seven tank locomotives being craned aboard the *Belmoira* at the London and North Eastern Railway dock at Middlesbrough prior to shipment to Madras, Southern India. Fourteen railway coaches were also despatched at the same time, and some of these can be seen ranged along the deck after being loaded

A MUCH-NEEDED TRAFFIC LINK: The turntable and part of the structure of the centre span of the new road bridge across the Forth at Kincardine which will be over a mile wide and, when completed in the autumn, will provide communication between districts at present cut off

THE "MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM" ENTERS THE CLYDE COAST SERVICE: The London Midland and Scottish Railway Company's new 580-ton turbine steamer, launched at the beginning of this year by her namesake, leaving Brodick in the Isle of Arran during one of her first voyages. Her port on the mainland is Ardrossan, and she touches at the chief piers of Arran. The vessel has a speed of seventeen knots and a length of over two hundred feet

ROME CELEBRATES THE FALL OF ADDIS ABABA

The Piazza Venezia Witnesses Scenes of Jubilation Reminiscent of Mafeking Night

VOX POPULI: The seething mass of citizens that gathered outside the Palazzo Venezia (left), official residence of Signor Mussolini, to acclaim the Duce on the announcement of the fall of Addis Ababa and the entry of Marshal Badoglio at the head of the Italian troops—a victory that the Dictator described as "a triumph of civilisation over barbarism." Elsewhere in the city there were scenes of almost equal enthusiasm and traffic was brought to a standstill by the jubilant throngs. *On right*—Signor Giuseppe Bottai, former Governor of Rome, who has just been appointed Governor of Addis Ababa

FASCIST YOUTH REJOICES: Members of the Balilla cheering the Duce in the Piazza Venezia and holding a newspaper bill bearing the words "Addis Ababa is Ours," and portraits of Signor Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuele. To a late hour the streets and cafés were filled with animated and happy crowds; the principal monuments were floodlit, and from the terraces of the loftiest buildings could be seen twinkling the bonfires that had been lit upon the hill tops. In all the other towns and cities the people gathered in their thousands to hear the Duce's speech, and there was hardly a house that had not the tricolour out

A BEST-SELLER DRAMATISED: The family teaparty in *Whiteoaks*, the People's National Theatre production at the Little based on the novel by Mazo de la Roche. Included in the picture are—Stephen Haggard (Finch), Ellis Irving (Piers), Jane Saville (Aunt Augusta), Frank Birch (Uncle Ernest), Nancy Price (Adeline Whiteoaks), Aubrey Dexter (Uncle Nicholas), Elizabeth Maude (Meg), Robert Newton (Renny), and Jill Furse (Pheasant)

The STAGE

Bright but Noisy Entertainment at Drury Lane—Eugene O'Neill's Diverting Comedy—Priestley has a Shot at Shavian Fantasy

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

THE significance of the title of the new Drury Lane musical comedy, *Rise and Shine*, does not exist to any considerable extent. There is a song in it entitled "Rise 'n Shine," sung and danced by Mr. Jack Whiting, who, let me say at once, is one of the show's outstanding successes—a lithe and lovable person who can sing well enough and can dance very well indeed. There is also another song with the incredibly clumsy label "I'm building up to an awful let-down," the music of which is by Mr. Fred Astaire, whom I had not hitherto known as a composer. I am none too sure that he is one even now.

For the rest, *Rise and Shine* is rousing and shiny enough to fill Drury Lane for many months. From the crash and bang of drum and cymbals in the overture to the last fortissimo bar—the music is conducted by Mr. Charles Prentice, Mus. Bac., and I am willing to bet that no Mus. Bac. has ever conducted anything a quarter as noisy as this—the motto seems to have been "Be active, and make a lot of noise about it."

Snatching the chance (no easy matter) during Act I of a quiet reverie, I bethought me of the story of the man who one bitter winter's day lay a-dying. The mutes already stood outside his front door, and they complained of the cold. A servant brought their complaint to the dying man and asked what should be done about it. "Tell them," he whispered with fast-glazing eyes, "to jump about a bit."

This seems to have been the advice given to the company of *Rise and Shine* by the youthful producer, Mr. Ralph Reader. When in doubt everybody jumped about a bit. With the exception of the Queen of Moronia; for queens, even in musical comedy, do not jump about one tiny bit. Miss Grace Lane played the part in realistically queen-like fashion, and endured with regal dignity certain signs from the first-night audience that the days when the pomp and circumstance of Ruritanian royalty could be taken seriously on both sides of the footlights are passing. Such stately episodes I welcomed, despite their essential absurdity, since they afforded the sole relief from the general clatter and restlessness which some people imagine to denote vim, push, pep, ginger, slickness, and sundry other kindred qualities wrongly considered a *sine qua non* in "bright" musical entertainment.

The respite from "jumping about a bit" was, however, slight. For when the not very gentle Reader was not making part of his abundant male chorus exercise St. Vitus-like gyrations and stampings in the fashion ordained by the aforesaid Mr. Astaire, he just ordered them to line up near the footlights and shout the audience into a state of deafened imbecility. That placed them in a suitably receptive condition for a helicopter which was pulled up into the flies with a princess in it, a railway carriage which stood still in front of some moving scenery, with a queen and a princess in it, and a long cabaret scene at the "Porchester" Hotel, which had nothing in it at all. Most tantalising was the realisation that swamped beneath this garishness and nonsensical super-production, there must have been at one time a witty "book," for Captain Harry Graham, a true and subtle wit, appears in the programme as the author of it.

Miss Binnie Hale, with her high-pitched speaking voice, angularly graceful manner, and abundant energy, made an excellent heroine. But I wish she would not sing about the "weath-ur-r-r-r." Miss Hale is as English as English can be. So why? Mr. Syd Walker wrestled with some lugubriously asthmatical humours, and Miss Clarice Hardwicke, whenever she had a chance, simply acted everyone else off the stage, large as it is.

"Ah, Wilderness!"—Ah, me, if only every comedy could be as diverting, as full of charm, and as well acted as Mr. Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* If merit counts for anything, this should be at the Westminster Theatre for a year or more. It owes much to the magic of the Irish folk who interpret it; originally produced (as far as this side of the Atlantic is concerned) at the Dublin Gate Theatre, it retains a large proportion of that cast.

Never mind that they are supposed to be small-town Americans of thirty years ago, and that they speak with an Irish brogue that is rich, though fortunately not rare. Never mind that the play is, in effect, about precious little, and that the production is of the simplest. Here is a young man who breaks out into Swinburne when most young men are breaking out into pimples, who is in love with a pretty girl, with Socialism, with the sound of his own voice, and who is nevertheless not a prig. The author and Mr. Cyril Cusack may take credit for this between them.

VICE VERSA: Magda Sonja, and Hans Feher, a talented child star, in *The Robber Symphony* which is being presented at the Palace Theatre on May 21. The picture has cost £80,000 and is something of an experiment in that the music was recorded first and the scenes were then enacted to synchronise with it

LORNA NYE: The promising young actress whose talent is revealed in *Cercle de Femmes* the film that has been completed by Jacques Deval, the author of that successful play *Tovarich*. In order that she might take part, her release had to be obtained from a Folies Bergère contract

A POLITICAL DRAMA RE-ENACTED: Kitty O'Shea (Mar with Gladstone (Arthur Young) on behalf of Parnell, and for whose downfall she is indirectly responsible, defended divorce suit wrecking the leader of the Home Rule. An episode from the Gate Theatre which, in spite of the ban laid upon it, may yet

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE: Ralph Dexter (Cecil Parker), the middle-aged provincial solicitor, who is spending an illicit night in a London hotel with a local magnate's pretty wife (Eileen Peel), observes on the blind the shadow of a tall man slinking furtively to a nearby room. A dramatic opening episode from H. F. Maltby's thriller, *The Shadow*, running at the Playhouse

DILEMMA IN 'THE SHADOW": The solicitor (Cecil Parker), now returned home, registers agitation as his wife (Margaret Damer) reads from the newspaper an account of a murder committed in the very hotel where he had spent the night, and hears with dismay that suspicion has fallen on the porter whose lack of inches clearly indicates that his was not the shadow on the blind. The solicitor is thus faced with the problem of deciding whether to let an innocent man hang or intervene and, by so doing, give away his own secret

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM: Marjorie Taylor and John Robinson, whose romance, a subsidiary theme of *The Shadow*, is enacted against the unhappy background of the girl's parents' marriage and on whose behalf the solicitor dreads the thought of scandal. *On right*—WHEN TWO STRONG MEN COME FACE TO FACE: Cecil Humphreys and Cecil Parker in a tense situation

garet Rawlings) pleads the man whom she loves the scandal of an un-Irish Party's plans for production *Parnell* come to the West End

The lad has a decent but dullish father (Mr. Fred Johnson), who understands him, and an uncle (Mr. Edward Lexy), who gets drunk and makes an absurd speech at the dinner-table, and who is a joy. Yet this is comedy, not farce, more humorous than witty, and more human than any play I have seen for many moons. And I hope to see it again.

"Bees on the Boat Deck."—There is no reason why Mr. J. B. Priestley should not have a shot at Shavian fantasy with the now familiar philosophical-sociological flavour, streaked with wild farce. If he has not scored a bull's-eye with *Bees on the Boat Deck*, at the Lyric, it is at least a good "inner." The play is full of talk—and of excellent talk—for the most part. It is, however, without the illuminating flashes—wittily illuminating or just illuminating—which Mr. Shaw can display, even in his most exasperating moods. And it struck me as being a trifle—shall I say?—sesquipedalian. That is not to say that it is not amusing in spots and full of sound sense most of the time.

It seems to have been taken for granted pretty widely that Mr. Priestley meant his cargo-boat, laid up in a bosky estuary, to symbolise this England of ours—the "ship of State" analogy being at least as old as Roman times—and I have not noticed that he has denied it. For those who love the sea and ships (as I do and as it is obvious, from the words he puts into the mouths of his ships' officers, the author does) there is something tragic and almost indecent in a fine ship going rusty and foul alongside a meadow, with branches of trees overhanging her decks. That is one reason, possibly, why I found *Bees on the Boat Deck* rather depressing and why I was unable to laugh so very heartily at the antics of a Fascist, a Communist, a drunken village grocer, a bovine policeman and others, skilfully though they were woven into the structure of the play. All these parts, as well as those of the two officers (Mr. Ralph Richardson and Mr. Laurence Olivier) were flawlessly acted by Mr. S. J. Warmington, Mr. Richard Goulden, Mr. Raymond Huntley, Mr. Allan Jeayes, and Mr. John Laurie.

Miss Rene Ray showed herself a pretty and intelligent *ingénue*. Miss Kay Hammond appeared as a peer's daughter. The part struck me as being under-written. And do peers' daughters really talk like that?

Covent Garden.—The "Ring" opened last week with a performance of *Das Rheingold* which was scenically as near a triumph over impossible difficulties as Covent Garden has ever achieved. Or, for that matter, any other of the world's opera houses. The bottom of the Rhine was reproduced with meticulous exactness; so far, that is to say, as I am in a position to judge, for I have never been at the bottom of the Rhine. The sky effects were really beautiful, and Valhalla on the backcloth really majestic, even if it did look uncommonly like New York viewed from the Statue of Liberty.

Sir Thomas Beecham secured a glorious orchestral performance, and not once during that long, long E flat opening chord did the horns wobble or burble. Herr Bockelmann's fine Wotan and Herr Habich's sinister Alberich are old friends. I liked the new Fricka, Madame Thorborg, who sang so beautifully that she made even that Wagnerian Mrs. Caudle almost lovable.

STILL GOING STRONG

A List of Current Successes and the Length of Time they have been Running

Lady Precious Stream	Savoy	Nov. 2, '34	
The Dominant Sex	Aldwych	Jan. 2	1935
Night Must Fall	Duchess	May 31	
Please, Teacher	Hippodrome	Oct. 2	
Call It a Day	Globe	Oct. 30	
Seeing Stars	Gaiety	Oct. 31	
Murder in the Cathedral	Mercury	Nov. 1	
Twenty to One	Coliseum	Nov. 12	1936
To-night at 8.30	Phœnix	Jan. 9	
Follow the Sun	Adelphi	Feb. 4	
Storm in a Teacup	Haymarket	Feb. 5	
Three Men on a Horse	Wyndham's	Feb. 18	
The Two Mrs. Carrolls (reopening)	Garrick	Feb. 24	
Promise	Shaftesbury	Feb. 26	
Pride and Prejudice	St. James's	Feb. 27	
Children to Bless You	Duke of York's	Mar. 3	
Dusty Ermine	Comedy	Mar. 6	
The Town Talks	Palace	Mar. 11	
All Alight at Oxford Circus	Palladium	Mar. 11	
The Show That Jack Built	Alhambra	Mar. 18	
St. Helena	Daly's	Mar. 19	

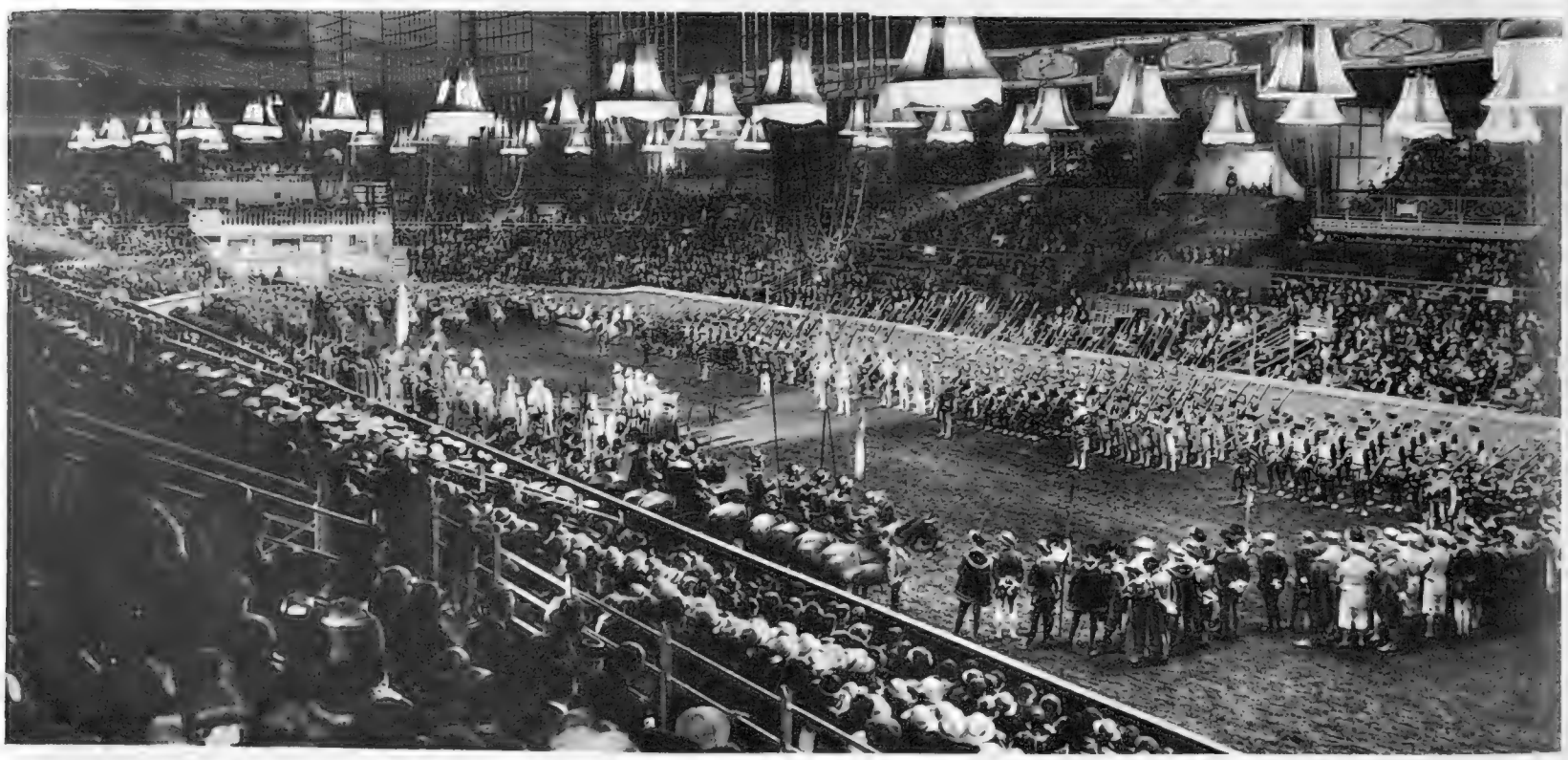
PAGEANTRY AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

A Great Spectacle at Olympia

IN THE ROYAL BOX: The Duke of York, who opened the tournament, accompanied by the Duchess and by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, standing at the salute during the playing of the National Anthem which preceded the start of this popular military display

TRUMPETERS OF ELIZABETHAN TIMES: Four members of the 2nd Battalion Royal Norfolk Regiment who appear in the brilliant historical pageant "Armada Days in Norfolk"

THE YOUNG VISITORS: The Royal nurse and H.R.H. the Duchess of York with Lady Joanna Lambart and Lady Elizabeth Lambart, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. Lady Elizabeth and Lady Joanna are the daughters of Field Marshal the Earl of Cavan, the former having Queen Mary and the Princess Royal as sponsors at her christening, and the latter having the Duchess of York. The children were delighted with the show



FINALE: Pikemen, halberdiers, and trumpeters assembled in Olympia's spacious arena during the set piece of the tournament, "Armada Days in Norfolk," which depicts the visit of the "Queen's General" in 1588 when 7,600 men, a trained band that mustered on Household Heath, flocked to the colours at their country's call. The display this year is full of bright entertainment, but the dominating note is recruiting, and the majority of the items on the programme are designed to show the need for more recruits, particularly in the Territorial Army, where men are required for aerial defence work

THE TURN OF THE YEAR: A few traces of snow still remain on the hills above Derwentwater, while on the lower slopes the silver birches are coming into leaf

PLOUGHING THE UPLAND FIELDS: A farmer and his team at work near the shores of lovely Crummock Water, a lake some two-and-a-half miles long, connected by a stream with Buttermere and surrounded by peaks of 2,000 ft. or more. Ploughing is extremely late in this part of the world in consequence of the tardy departure of the snow

Below— SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS: Sustenance for a weakling, possibly a twin or a triplet whose mother had been unable to give it the attention it needed. During lambing time the shepherd must be prepared to work at all hours of the day and night

Spring Comes to the Lake District

Special "Sphere" Camera Studies
Taken by Douglas Went

Drawn by Percy Home

AT THE "GATEWAY" OF NEWSPAPERDOM: The church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, on the north side of Fleet Street, has many interesting literary associations and, with the restoration of the great clock by Lord Rothermere and the setting up of the bust of his brother, Lord Northcliffe, its connections with "the street" have become even closer. Before the church was re-built in 1829–33 it had shops in front of it, where in Shakespeare's day were sold the Hamlet quartos that are now of such priceless value. William Tyndale, the Bible translator, and Dr. Dunne, the poet, were preachers here, while immortal Isaac Walton was a vestryman of the parish. His name is commemorated by a handsome stained glass window

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Cecil Roberts Writes a Worthy Companion to "Gone Rustic" and "Gone Rambling": Paul Gurk Attempts to Re tell the Story of Judas Iscariot

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

THE wrapper of Mr. Graham Greene's **JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS** (Heinemann. 15s.) depicts an African village, laid out with all the inspiration of a ribbon developer, while from the head and feet of a nude and recumbent negress spring two coconut palms, whose symmetrical heads support the title.

But don't, as Mr. George Robey said, let that deter you.

Let us applaud the habit of poets and writers who go travelling without maps into strange places where white men have not been seen within living memory, and with no desire to meet one; not even for the pleasure of saying "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Yes; and let us encourage it; even to the extent of reading, recommending, and even *buying* their books.

No explorers they, with an eye to the "civilising" imperialism shortly to follow their trail. Mr. Greene never states explicitly *why* he chose to go to the most pestilential piece of the Gold Coast and to make a journey on foot through Liberia, without maps, and by directional word only from each of a succession of devil-ridden villages. Yet some reasons may be found in his interpolated thoughts on visiting Riga, "three years ago," and an immediate digression ("you couldn't talk of Darkest Africa with any conviction when you had known Nottingham"), on fish and chips wrapped in newspaper, the municipal "tart," an instruction in Catholicism, the dog which had been sick on the mat—"I had taken up the thread of life from very far back, from so far back as innocence."

So, lapped with lovely prose, we follow a poet's trail, when all the familiar props, the tropical forest, the insectiferous "rest" huts; bush devils prancing round and terrorising villages; chiefs, hostile and friendly; native dances; half-caste officials, and the President and Constitution of Liberia itself take on the interest of one who has "no yearning for a mindless sensuality."

Here is a travel book that has given me more pleasure than any since Norman Douglas meandered through old Calabria (and for very different reasons). Can I convey some of its quality by the last sentence in the book?

"There, I thought, standing in the cold empty Customs shed (at Dover) with a couple of suitcases, a few pieces of silver jewellery, a piece of script found in a Bassa hut, an old sword or two, the only loot I had brought with me, was as far back as one needed to go, was Africa; the innocence, the virginity, the graves not opened yet for gold, the mines not broken with sledges."

Had I the space, Mr. Graham Greene should thus review his own book. I can only hope I have said enough to make you lose no time in getting it.

Mr. Cecil Roberts also takes us on a journey, but always within easy distance of his already famous Pilgrim Cottage. In **GONE AFIELD** (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) we are suavely, competently, and charmingly guided through the by-ways of that anciently settled country which lies between the Chilterns and the River. There is a digression on importunate visitors to Pilgrim Cottage; an informing chapter on the history of turnpikes and the making of bricks; the discovery of Pastor Moritz and the hospitality he received at Nettlebed; the Elizabethan interlude of Bisham Abbey and of the ghost of Lady Hoby; Shelley's sojourn at Marlow; the de la Poles of Bockmer; the Stonor family who have inhabited Stonor since 1290; the skeleton behind the panelling at Ladye Place; Macclesfield, the Astronomer of Shirburn Castle; the astonishing Miss Whissett in a delightful chapter, "Sheer Whissettry," the A.M. and P.M. forever starting local hares; as well as Louis, who filled the cottage with Gallic sunshine.

On finishing this worthy companion to *Gone Rustic* and *Gone Rambling*, Mr. Cecil Roberts tells us that he packed off to Florida. If he is back, he will find Pilgrim Cottage in the throes of a sadly retarded spring. Even so, I doubt if he will again find his forsythia blooming with the lilac.

We return to West Africa with Mr. Joyce Cary in a novel called **AFRICAN WITCH** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.). The author is careful to point out that it has been written "as a work of imagination, not as a picture of contemporary conditions in West Africa."

It is a story of a type known as powerful, and its purpose goes as deep as the probing of the dread *ju-ju* at work in all its ramifications, as well as the impact of the white man's own taboos upon it. Elizabeth, the giant negress who dominates the novel, is not so much a witch—in the European sense—as a priestess and a smeller-out of witches. Aladai, her brother, would have been at the other end of the scale if his Oxford education and his taste for literature and music could have put him there. The white man's *ju-ju* rendered that impossible, (the old school tie was all-powerful at the Residency Club), and poor Aladai finds himself forced into a primitive rebellion (in which Elizabeth leads a pack of Amazons), and in which he falls a victim.

Forces are astir which are bound to revise the white man's attitude to Africa and her problems. Mr. Cary has written something more than a remarkably good novel; his book is both a revelation and a warning for all who can take heed.

The re-telling of the Gospel story has often been the ambition of novelists, but it requires more skill than Mr. Paul Gurk brings to the biography of Judas Iscariot. **JUDAS** (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) is an attempt, in a novel, to resolve the age-old struggle between thought and faith. The Iscariot of his story is filled with a passionate arrogance, a human and very much alive character. Interest in him, however, is completely wrecked by the author's unsupported tampering with the inherent thesis, while the mixture of Biblical and pseudo-poetical style is enough to drive a sensitive reader frantic with exasperation.

The late T. E. Lawrence once told me a story concerning the equally late Lord Curzon (George Nathaniel). They were to lunch together. "At what time" asked Curzon, "do you propose luncheon?"

"One-thirty," he suggested.

"What a *very* middle-class hour," murmured the Noble Marquess.

I cannot think why Mr. George Orwell's **KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) reminds me of that story unless it is that I am sure that, just as "there will be no revolution in England while there are aspidistras in the windows" all the aspidistra-keepers mourn secretly and are fearful to see a type such as Lord Curzon disappear from public life.

The aspidistra, of course, has been a Sitwellian cocksby for the decade that spans their youth and middle-age. Mr. Orwell, I am glad to see, gives a new twist to its rubbery leaves. He attacks, in other words, the smugness, the humbug, the self-righteousness and the almost incredible naiveté of the English middle-classes. Many will dismiss his hero as a feckless fellow (who probably went to all the wrong schools, one after the other) and turn angrily to a study of to-day's market prices. Members of the Reform Club may accuse him of rather clumsy special pleading: nor do I think he will bring much joy to the discussions of the Red October Club.

Indeed, I can think of almost nobody who is going to like Mr. Gordon Comstock. Nevertheless those who can enjoy good entertainment, and have a thought beyond next Sunday's joint will like Mr. Orwell's new novel a lot.

There are no Old School ties in Mr. Ian Miller's new novel **WHO PAYS?** (Newnes. 7s. 6d.) though we may detect shades of the Hawk's Club about the growing tale.

Dick and Sally are happily married, or, rather, *were* happily married until Dick's best friend, Mac, found a moment to agree with Sally that it was a pity that Dick didn't concentrate on his sporadic literary work. Another little nagging, suggested the wily Mac, wouldn't do him any harm. It didn't. He wrote a very successful play, left Sally, and fell for his leading actress, who, however, only led him as far as the end of the garden path.

Mac, meanwhile, tries a pass at the sorrowing Sally, only to discover that she is the type of woman who depends for her happiness on having someone dependent upon her. There is an hilarious night in Cannes when Dick and Mac get drunk at cross purposes, and the ending is all that it shouldn't be, for both Dick and Sally have been too naughty, and are therefore left happily together.

A gay, light-hearted, sophisticated story, with plot and moral as profound as a Bertie Wooster escapade, with reflections such as (on a cocktail party): "These fatuous women—all gin and italics," and "Mac never wasted time keeping up disappearances; he said he was going and went." Mr. Miller has a light touch, rare and refreshing in these days when one has to wait too long between Wodehouses (or should it be Wodehice?). If he can keep it up he should gather a host of faithful watchers for his next one.

As if we have not enough long-winded novelists of our own, there seems to be a spate just now of interminable family sagas from America. **ROLL RIVER**, by James Boyd (Jarrolds. 8s. 6d.), begins in Midian, Pa., in 1880. Clara Rand was the lovely daughter of a Midian aristocrat, so the blurb tells me. Unfortunately, I quickly became bored by the aristocratic hosts of Midian. Later on there is a war piece, and, remembering Mr. Boyd's fine treatment of the Civil War in an earlier book, I turned to that, but found there nothing new, and that lacking conviction.

Mr. William Joyce Cowen has a good idea in **THEY GAVE HIM A GUN** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). They gave Johnny a gun and pinned medals upon him for his efficiency at shooting Germans. Back home in America, demobilised, unwanted and desperate, he picked up another gun; and they hunted and killed him for it this time. An original story; but it suffers, alas, from a wooden treatment and some quite bad writing.

I have left myself little space other than to briefly outline the three "general" books in my list. Major-General Fuller's **MEMOIRS OF AN UNCONVENTIONAL SOLDIER** (Nicholson and Watson. 21s.) is an important and disturbing book. The author directed, fought with, and for, the Tank Corps in France and afterwards. His strictures upon Haig and the attitude of the Higher Command to the new mechanical arm convey some of his indignation to the reader. Books so outspoken, frank and well written as this demand a study in a world rushing again to arms.

In **LETTERS FROM PRISON**, by Ernst Toller (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.), we find a book that is in natural sequence to that famous dramatist's *I Was a German*. Now in exile, Toller was imprisoned for five years by yet an earlier regime. His letters reveal a spirit sensitive to suffering yet strengthening æsthetically; an intellect in revolt against stupidity and oppression, and something of an older Germany, now sadly laid waste, but which, while such poets live, may yet recuperate and save Europe.

The most discussed, the most feared man in Europe to-day is the subject of Dr. Konrad Heiden's biography, **HITLER** (Constable. 10s.). It is about as objective a study as is possible, considering the mass of prejudice the subject is bound to raise on every side. In other words it is a very good biography, and contains some very straightforward accounts of hitherto obscure events, such as those which led up to the bloody "purge" of June 30, 1934.

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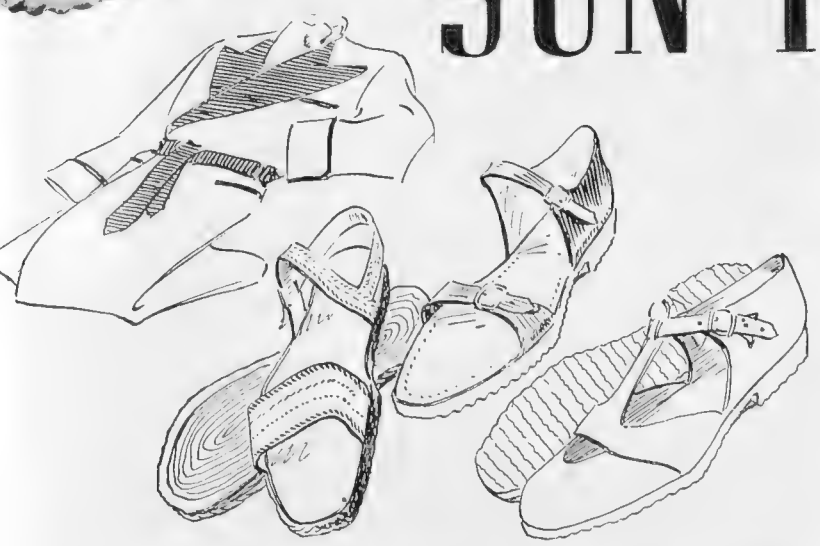
A Page for SUN FOLLOWERS



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DINING QUIETLY

□

Tea Gowns for the Modern Hostess and for Country House Visits

THERE is one thing to be said about tea-gowns—apart from the songs that are sung in praise of their grace and charm. They are, in modern phraseology, good mixers—as much at home when one entertains friends to dinner in a small flat as they are in the stately houses that are their traditional setting. They are ageless and dateless—and that means a lot when economy is a potent factor—besides being a joy to wear.

Even then one has not come to the end of their particular virtues, for they represent, more than any other type of garment, romance. Romance because they give women a chance to wear just whatever they feel suits them best. One may secretly long to invest oneself with an air of oriental splendour, but it is a little difficult to build up such an atmosphere in ordinary day clothes. A tea-gown makes it simple. For cocktails at home nothing could be more effective than a black satin trouser-skirt worn with a waistcoat embroidered in Chinese reds and jade and buttoned right down the front. You can see them at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, W., where we chose the tea-gown shown on the right. This is most ingenious for it is made out of one width of silk, gauged at the neck and waist, joined down the centre front, and looped up to form the sleeves and cape-back. The print itself is magnificent—grey and red and sulphur coloured flowers on a white ground.

They have tea-gowns in beautiful French prints from 10½ guineas, and satin and lace wraps—ideal for trousseaux—from 6½ guineas.

The tea-gown at the head of the page is simple and very lovely in line. Made in black and white, or in some excellent colour combinations, it has a draped neckline, medieval sleeves lined with white, a plaited belt, and a skirt which sweeps back to form a short train. This is a model from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W., where it costs, miraculously, only 8⅔ guineas. There you will find endlessly useful lace frocks for £5 19s. 6d., and, for the older woman who wants to slip into something that is comfortable without being elaborate, shorter tea frocks, tucked at the waist, and made in cleverly planned colours.

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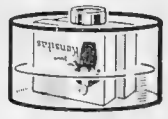
2	She placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. She did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, she lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.

**Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough*

POPULARISING POLO

(Continued from page 278)

to play in the Championships. Played for Someries House team, finalists in Ranelagh Open Cup, 1935. One of the finest horse masters in the British Army. In charge of team's ponies.

H. H. HUGHES: Age thirty-three. No. 2. Played nearly all his polo in the Argentine and England, but was in Tyrrell-Martin's team in California last winter. Member of the Optimists' team the last two seasons in England. Has played polo for only six years. He is recognised in the Argentine as a wonderful rider of a bucking horse.

E. H. TYRRELL-MARTIN: Age thirty. No. 3. Only married member of the team. For the last six winters has been in California where he works for the Del Monte Company. His team, which included Hughes, twice beat California at Los Angeles. Member of the Hurlingham team in America last year. Played for the Panthers, winners of King's Coronation Cup, Ranelagh, 1931 and 1935; Roehampton Open Cup, 1931–2–3.

CAPTAIN H. P. GUINNESS: Age about thirty-two. Back. Royal Scots Greys. Only member of the team who has played in a Westchester Cup match. Went with Hurlingham team to America in 1930. Owing to a hurt wrist and military duties he has played little in the last two seasons. Reached final of the Army Rackets this year. At the moment it seems likely that he may not play and that his place will be taken by Mr. Gerald Balding. Other changes may also be made as the selectors are not as yet absolutely certain that they have a team fully up to international standard.

Whatever happens, the improvement in English polo will automatically be very great. When the Jhaipur team came over here some time ago and cleaned up it did a great deal of good to English polo. (So did the Aurora team.) But the Indian players in particular seemed to get to the ball half-a-length ahead of our players. They thought more quickly and moved more quickly. Too many of our best players have been playing in low handicap games in order to conform to the conditions of the various low grade tournaments. This mixing up of the wheat and the chaff is undoubtedly adulterating the wheat. Star players, in fact, tend to take chances which would be impossible in high-class games. They have longer to think and cultivate the habit of slowing up in anticipation of the mis-hit, which is so frequent an occurrence in low grade games.

The Westchester Cup matches will naturally be the high spot of London polo this season, but there will be a great deal of interest attached to other teams. The Maharaja of Jhaipur himself is coming over with a team, though not with the all-star cast of 1934. Two of the Ashton brothers are coming over from Australia. C. B. Wrightsman is coming over from the United States with fifty ponies and the nucleus of another team. No doubt Couturier will bring over a French team. The Argentines, under Tommy Nelson, will be in Paris on their way to the Olympic Games in Berlin and will probably play here first.

All told, there will be twenty-five teams, apart from sixteen regimental affairs, playing continuous polo this season. It is to be hoped that the attendances at polo will increase as the weeks go on. Last year at Hurlingham they began with a few dozen, and ended up with crowds of over 2,000. The chief objection to polo as a public spectacle is that the climate is against it. People who give up their Saturday afternoons to watch it will find that a last minute shower at 2 p.m. has caused the match to be cancelled. They thus have their afternoon's amusement spoilt, whereas they could easily have seen at least *some* cricket.

THE LEMONADE VENDOR: A purveyor of soft drinks in the streets of Cairo. He pours out his refreshment from a giant container strapped to his chest

In conclusion, America has won the Westchester Cup eight times and Great Britain three times. The last time we were successful was in 1914. And that was the first time since 1901. In future the matches will be played alternately in each country every third year irrespective of the previous holder of the cup. May the best team win, but may it be ours!

THE PHILATELIC BOOM

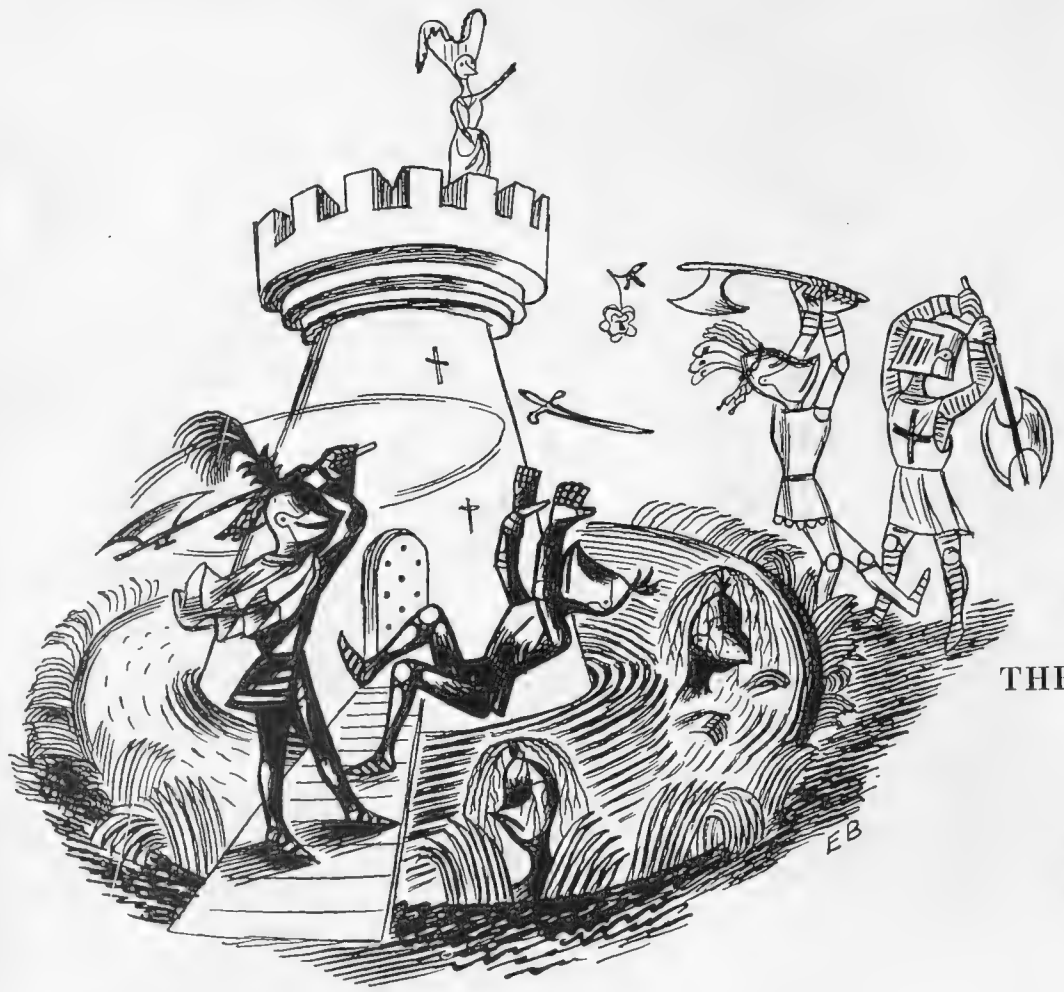
(Continued from page 300)

King on horseback. But, whatever the designs, whether pictorial, emblematic, or heraldic, all the stamps were issued for a limited period, this alone giving one of the valuable collecting motives—a known number and a restricted period of issue.

The "Royal Collection" of King George has contributed much to our knowledge of the Empire, and its destination or custody is a matter of great, almost universal interest; the King made no public intimation of his wishes, and philatelists await an authoritative pronouncement, with intense interest, for the collection is the individual record of a favourite hobby, developed during forty years. Although Dominions and Colonies subsequently made official presentations, sometimes with unusual items, as original sketches and proof impressions, the most valuable parts of the Royal Collection were made by purchase and exchange, and through the channels available to every collector.

One exception was that of the provisional war stamps. When our forces were in occupation of enemy territory local stamps were overprinted or postal labels made up by the Army Post Office, and it became a loyal and pleasurable practice for the commanders to see that the most nearly-perfect set of each issue was sent for the King's gracious acceptance. Incidentally, on the occasion of his marriage in 1893, one of the wedding gifts was an album of selected stamps, offered as a token of the loyalty of the members of the London Philatelic Society, of which King George became successively president and patron.

From the above few facts concerning one (specialised) collection, I hope that those readers of THE SPHERE who have looked on stamp collecting as a rather childish hobby, may begin to realise something, not only of its charm, but of its influence in extending a knowledge of geography (political and topographical) of history, of peoples, their customs and costumes, and a liking for foreign countries, and a greater loyalty to their own. Space fails to tell of one-hundredth of the interest of philately, covering as it does, charity, child welfare, exploration, invention, science, art, archæology and architecture, literature, social movements (as in the cases of Boy Scout special stamps), and patriotism! There never was such a hobby for broadening the mind.



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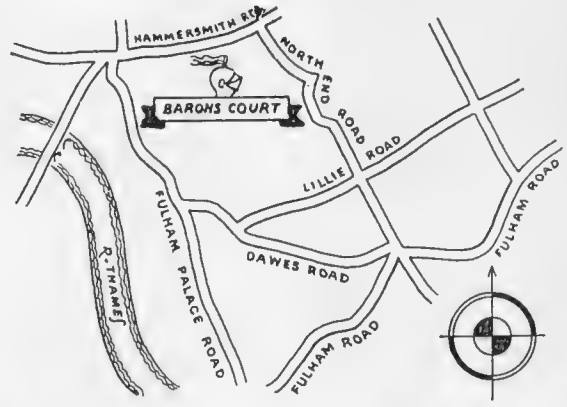

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A CAMP for the UNEMPLOYED

And Other Items of Interest

"A MAN BUILDING CENTRE": Pickwith Camp, Lincolnshire, one of the eleven summer camps for the unemployed which have been opened by the Ministry of Labour and the purpose of which is to assist men, wearied and jaded by the constant failure to obtain work, to regain not only their physical strength but their morale. They undergo a twelve weeks' course of training here, their tasks consisting largely of forest clearing and road making, while there are ample leisure hours during the day

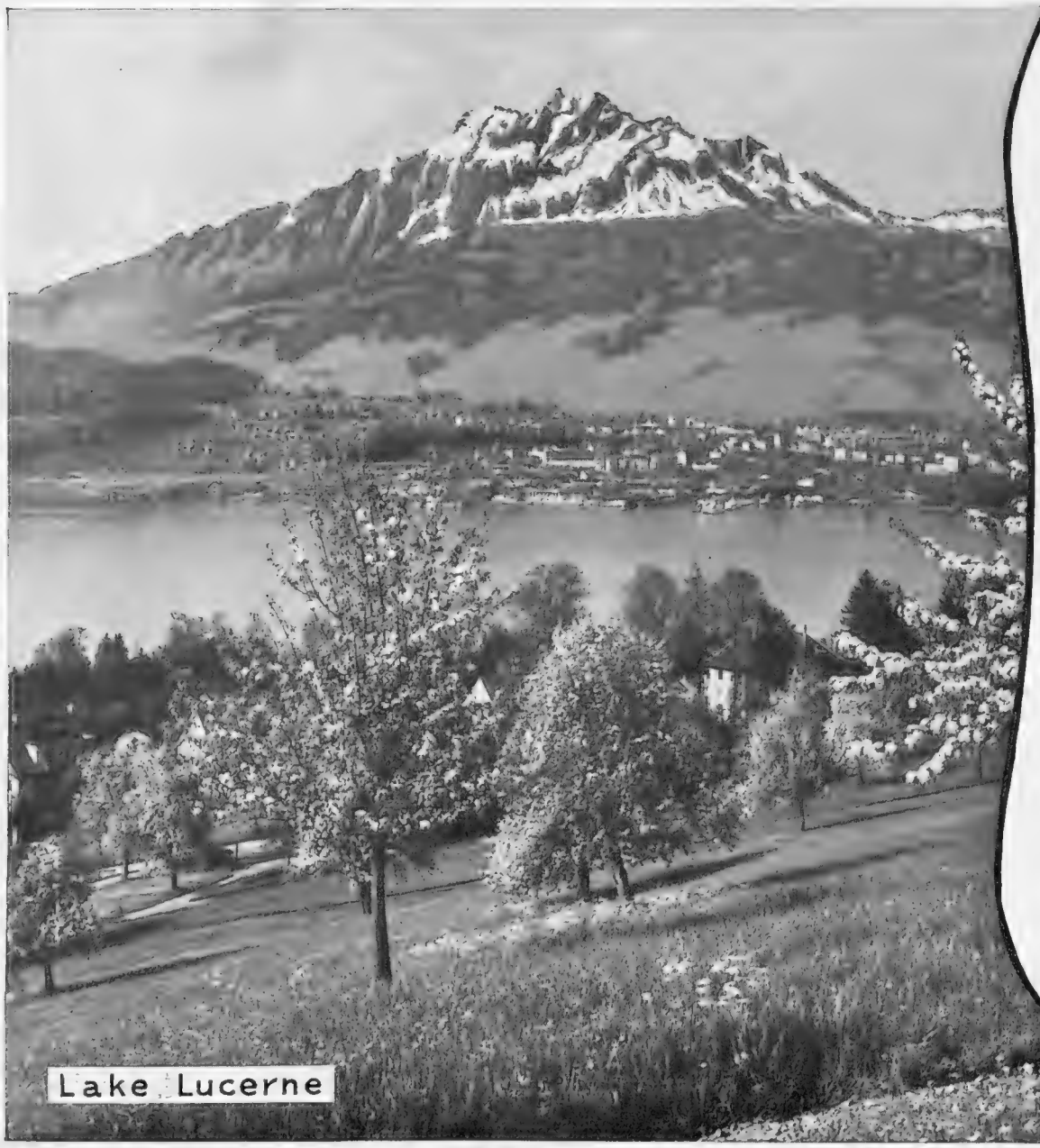
THE ROADMAKING BATTALION: Men at work in the grounds of Pickwith Camp

The Government has a habit of being reticent about its most valuable achievements, and up to now we have heard but little of the excellent work that has been done by the Ministry of Labour Training Camps where, during a twelve weeks' course, men are made fit and ready to continue the fight for work. Pickwith, a typical example of one of these training camps, is tucked away in a clearing off the main road, about thirteen miles from the village of Bourne. Here 270 men live under ideal conditions in what must to them be a haven of peace compared with the noisy industrial districts from which they come. When they arrive they are more often than not crestfallen and dejected, but they soon respond to their environment and within a few days are taking their full share in the work and play of the camp and, needless to say, their appetites in a very short time become prodigious. During their stay the men continue to receive unemployment benefit, part of which is sent to their families, part is kept by the Government and part is allowed them for personal expenses.

THINNING THEM OUT: Marksmen with a deer killed on the National Trust Estate at Ashridge, near Tring, Herts., where the deer have become so numerous and destructive that the authorities have given orders for some of them to be shot. The estate covers 3,500 acres of practically virgin country, and it is often no easy matter to track the quarry. The carcases are sent to Whipsnade Zoo for feeding the large number of animals that have a meat diet

The Friends of the Poor Annual Ball

As usual the Duchess of Rutland is being a most active Chairman of the Annual Ball in aid of the "Friends of the Poor." Under her auspices it is sure to be one of the most successful dances of the season. It is to be held on May 21 and for the occasion Mrs Francis Abel-Smith is lending her house, 53, Prince's Gate. Many parties have been arranged, including the Duchess's own for her daughters Lady Ursula and Lady Isobel Manners, and other dinner hostesses include Mrs. Marshall Field (Vice-Chairman), the Dowager Lady Buchanan-Jardine (Deputy Vice-Chairman), Lady Mulleneux Grayson (Deputy Vice-Chairman), Lady Edward Hay, Lady Thomson Walker, Viscountess Wakefield, Mrs. Wills, Mrs. Rees-Mogg, Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, Lady (Leo) Lyle, the Dowager Countess of Leven and Melville, Lady Latta, Lady Dance, Lady Samuelson, Lady St. John of Bletso, Mrs. McBurney, Miss Blackwell, Mrs. Wesley Watson, and Mrs. Charles Knight.



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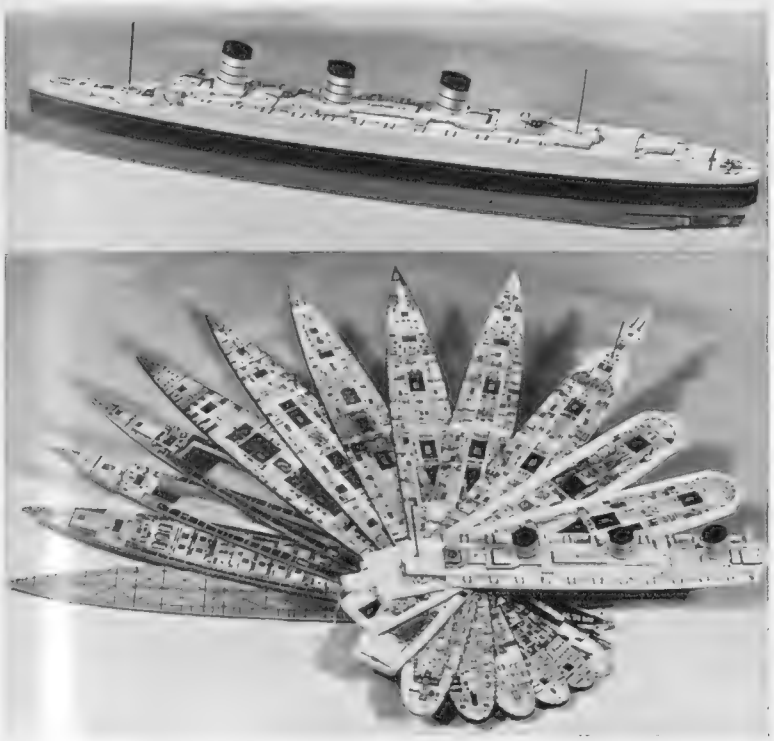

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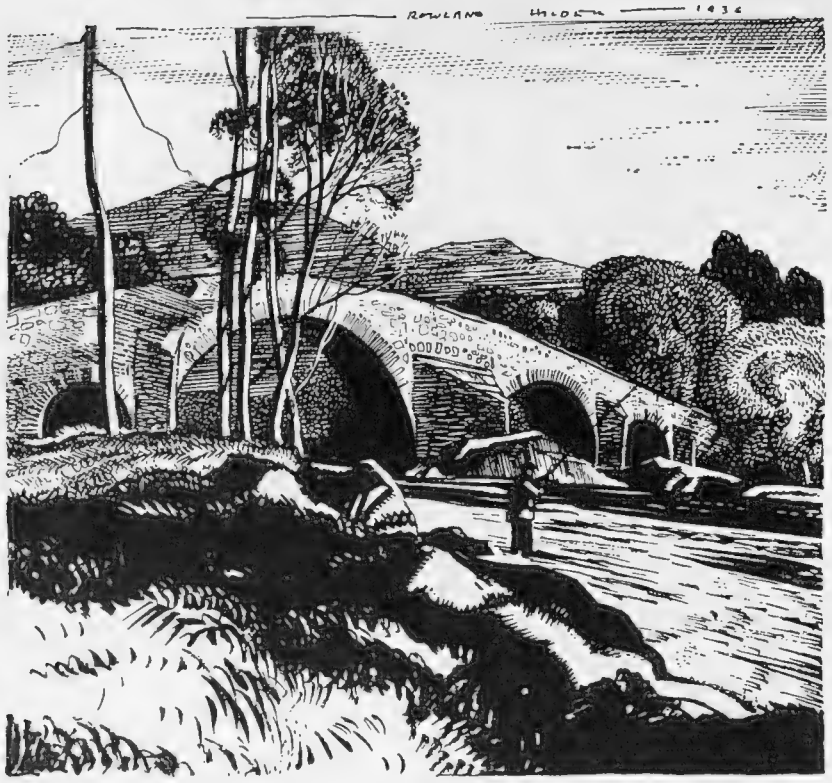

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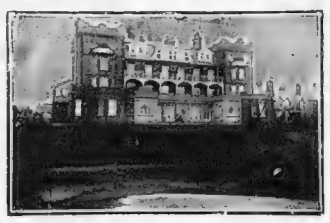

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Travel Section of The Sphere

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Answers to Enquiries

Austria:

A fortnight in Austria should prove very delightful if you follow the itinerary we have indicated on a map. The pamphlets sent you deal with each of these localities in the order we suggest you should visit them, i.e. St. Anton, Nauders, Oetztal, Lermoos, Seefeld, Igls, Mieders, Steinach, Pertisau, and Mayrhofen. You should be able to visit all these places comfortably during the fortnight you propose to spend in the Tyrol, and they are all very lovely. [Ref. — E.B.I. April 16.]

It will not be necessary for you to book accommodation in the places round Innsbruck, and providing you go to the Salzburg area on the date you mention, i.e. July 7, it will also not be necessary to book; during the Salzburg Festival, however, everywhere in the neighbourhood will be very crowded.

Our earlier suggestion of an itinerary confined to the districts round Innsbruck, which you would be able to see easily during your holiday has much to recommend it. If, however, you would like to make Salzburg your centre, you will find equally beautiful scenery, though of a different type. The scenery around Innsbruck is grand and imposing, whereas that of Salzburg is more peaceful and quiet.

We suggest that you visit Bad Ischl, Traunkirchen, Altaussee, Salzkammergut, Strobl, St. Gilgen, Mondsee, St. Wolfgang, Bad Aussee, and Gmunden. All these places are within easy distance of one another.

There is no reason, of course, why you should not go both to the Innsbruck and Salzburg districts. It just depends on how much driving you wish to do each day, and how long you want to stay at any place en route. If you do decide to go to both places, we think it would be better for you to go out through Germany direct to Salzburg and return via Innsbruck and through Switzerland and France; in this way you would have a most agreeable round trip. [Ref.: E.B. 27. April 30.]

Germany:

We presume you are taking your car from England for a trip up the Rhine; the auto-carrier leaves Dover every day at 11 a.m. and arrives at Calais at 12.30, and on the return journey it leaves Calais at 2 p.m., arriving Dover at 3.30. Your route to Cologne would be Calais–Lille–Brussels–Aix-la-Chapelle-*Cologne*.

From *Cologne* we suggest you should go to *Frankfurt* via Siegburg, the Westerwald Mountains, Limburg on the Lahn and the Taunus Mountains, continue through the Odenwald Mountains to *Michelstadt* and thence through the Neckar Valley to *Heidelberg*. From Heidelberg to Heilbronn–Stuttgart-Ulm-Augsburg-*Munich*, and from Munich to *Garmisch–Partenkirchen*.

The above is a rough itinerary and can of course be modified to suit your plans. As you are doubtless aware, the A.A. or R.A.C. will supply detailed itineraries for their members.

With regard to your query concerning Garmisch in comparison with a place like Grindelwald, there is no question that Switzerland is "the land of the eternal snows" but the Bavarian Alps too, have peaks covered the whole year round. The Zugspitze for example, is nearly 10,000 feet high. Garmisch itself is charming and set amidst most lovely scenery, and you would certainly be able to have all the walking you want in this district. [Reg.: E.B.26. April 30.]

The regulations governing the use of registered marks, as you will note from the particulars enclosed, are not at all complicated and we do not think you will find them irritating. Your bank will be able to purchase the amount you require and when crossing the frontier you will be able to cash your cheques up to a maximum of 50 Rm. per day per person. Similar facilities are afforded to foreigners throughout Germany. It is important that you declare the balance of your registered marks before leaving Germany. You will find this method of payment will considerably reduce your expenses, the price of petrol for instance is between 1s. 6d. and 2s. per gallon if payment is made in registered marks. [E.B. 12. April 21.]

MIRRORED IN THE CRYSTAL LAKE: The Zugspitze, Germany's highest peak, towering above the Riesensee and its wooded shores

Portugal:

Estoril is a very well-known seaside resort with excellent swimming and boating. You might find it rather hot in July and August, although as it faces the Atlantic there is nearly always a refreshing sea breeze and the nights would certainly be cool. The leading hotel in Estoril is the Palacio, really first-class and comparable with any first-class hotel in Europe. The terms there during the summer months are £1 per day inclusive. We have, however, been strongly recommended the pension Santa Margarida, which is only 6s. per day. Or you could stay at Sintra, which is only a few miles out, and there is an excellent coach service between Sintra and Estoril. There are four hotels—the Neto, Central, Nunes, and Costa, all charging approximately 8s. per day. In Portugal the £ is worth 20s., and there are about 109 escudos to the £. [Ref.: E.B. 24. April 29.]

Spain:

Spain is rather popular this year, as the rate of exchange is in favour of the British visitor, the peseta being approximately thirty-nine to the £ and the latter is worth about 25s. there.

Santander should answer all your requirements—the climate is mild, the scenery beautiful and there are several places of interest. We can recommend the Royal Hotel. You might find it more enjoyable to stay at Sardinero, the seaside suburb of the town and the Paris Hotel there charges from fifteen pesetas per day. [Ref.: E. B. 24. April 29.]

From Far and Near

Some Resorts of Note

An Ideal Summer Bathing Place: Tangier.—Many people at this time of year are wondering where to go for a summer bathing place that will be really warm. One of the best answers to this question is Tangier, which is really warm and yet not intolerably hot—at any rate for those who propose to make bathing their chief occupation. It has the advantage, moreover, of being easy to get to—three pleasant days at sea, and the North African coast, with Tangier gleaming white against a background of hills, looms up before you. It is a charming resort—a true meeting place of East and West—with the amenities of an extremely up-to-date European "plage" in a setting that retains much of the fascination of Moorish life and history. Messrs. Fuller and Young (Tangier) Ltd., Tangier House, Granville Place, London, W.1, are the people to apply to for more detailed information.

Holidays in Hungary.—Hungarian national costumes always evoke the rapturous admiration of visitors from more soberly clad lands; St. Stephen's day in Budapest, when country people stream in from all parts, is extraordinarily gay with colour, and it is amusing to try and see how many local varieties of costume one can pick out. St. Stephen's Day is August 20, and there is a splendid procession, followed by a service at the Coronation Church. On that evening, and in the evenings following, national dances are performed on the stage of Budapest's biggest theatre. Apropos of this, the Hungarian National Council of Tourist Traffic has just produced an admirable little pamphlet called *Hungary on Sunday*, charmingly written and illustrated, which is well calculated to stimulate the interest of all lovers of the picturesque in one of the countries of Europe that best deserves their attention. The address to apply to for a copy of it or for other information is as follows: Ibusz-Offices, Budapest, V., Vigadó-ter 2, and the official Tourist Offices, Budapest, V., Deák Ferenc-u 2.

NATIVE LIFE IN MOROCCO: A bazaar with characteristic lattice-work overhead

Italy Once More?—Shall we soon be going to Italy again for holidays? Let us hope so, not only because it is always a pity when old friends disagree, but also because Italy is one of the loveliest countries in the world. Perhaps it is a good augury that one is now able to buy tourist letters of credit and cheques at the rate of 82.10 lire to the £ sterling, instead of the normal figure of approximately 62.50. This special rate also applies to the purchase abroad of hotel vouchers and petrol coupons. Tourists who have made inclusive travel arrangements on these lines may buy up to 150 lire per day for other expenditure. The limit ordinarily is 250. Lire purchased at the special rate must not, of course, be taken out of the country. They can, however, be re-converted into sterling. This new measure is tantamount to reducing the cost of holidays in Italy by 30 per cent.

Harrogate Keeps Up-to-date.—Harrogate, which is already admitted to be one of the finest spas in the world, is proposing to embark on the expenditure of £65,000 in improvements and extensions to the Royal Baths, which will bring it even further to the forefront as a place of healing. Before deciding on details, however, a deputation consisting of the Chairman of the Wells and Baths Committee, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, the Borough engineer, the Borough architect, and the Spa manager, is setting off on a round of visits to all the leading Continental spas, just to make sure that Harrogate is missing nothing. With its marvellous air and marvellous situation it already enjoys advantages that are virtually unique, and it will be interesting to see what the deputation finds to spend the money on. It has long been one of those few places where a "continental atmosphere" can truly be said to exist in England.

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On sea front. Semi-circular glass fronted lounge. Central heating. Hot and cold running water in all bedrooms. An ideal health resort.

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All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of three acres. Excellent cooking. Every comfort. Fully licensed. Bedrooms with balconies and electric fires. Hot and cold water throughout. Own garage for 30 cars—with private lock-ups. Telephone 40.

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An hotel from which to watch a pageant of the sea unfold . . . a residence of comfort, colour and distinction . . . a meeting-place where friends may eat and drink like princes . . . an abode for the fastidious—a first-class hotel.
For specimen menus and terms write to Mr. James Millar.

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. . . then Bude! A Cornish summer at its best. Prices lower. Long hours of glorious Atlantic sunshine . . . golf, tennis, motoring, fishing (trout), surf-riding, shooting. Surely the realisation of your holiday-ideal when allied to the comfort and amenities of a very first-class hotel.

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Brochure with pleasure from the Management.

CARLYON BAY—South Cornwall's New Sporting Resort.

Mean Winter temperature within 1° of Cannes.

Golf. Covered and Open-Air Tennis. Squash Rackets. Hunting (3 Packs). Shooting. Fishing. Badminton.

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THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL
THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB
THE CARLYON BAY GOLF CLUB

Also a few small modern furnished houses, commanding magnificent sea views, to be let.

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faces the sea on the West Cliff. It has suites with private bathrooms, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, hard tennis courts, ballroom, billiards, cocktail bar and large motor garage, with private lock-ups.

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In Quest o

Carlyon Bay for Sun
An All-the-Year

I AM writing without "the book of words." It is three months since I was at Carlyon Bay, but I was so impressed by the tremendous vision of those who are behind it, so struck by the developments that had already taken place, that I remember it all as if it were yesterday.

It was a February day, one of a succession of winter days this year when an east wind swept England from end to end. I tried to leave it behind in London, but it followed me to Devon; across Dartmoor I nearly got snowed up; once in South Cornwall it was not so penetrating . . . but when I arrived at the Cornish Riviera Club, which is part of the Carlyon Bay enterprise, and sheltered from the East, I felt that I had reached harbour at last.

Waiting for that amazing man of energy, Dr. Newton Wright, who is the driving force behind this Carlyon Bay enterprise, I basked under a blue sky, and around me the almost dazzling whiteness of the Cornish Riviera Club.

It is such an amazing place that I can only barely touch on its amenities and possibilities. As I shed first my hat, and then my overcoat, girls kept driving up from the surrounding countryside dressed in shorts to play squash or badminton, then a couple of men turned up in flannels. How I cursed my luck at being so dressed myself, and later for having to move on, for the "Cornish Riviera Club and Carlyon Bay" is about the most attractive and original spot that I have yet come across in this country.

Going round with Dr. Wright later, he showed me the outdoor swimming pool, in which one can bathe irrespective of the tide, also the open air tennis court. I saw the sun lounge, cocktail bar, squash courts, badminton courts, billiard and table tennis rooms, card rooms, the building (then under construction) to hold two covered tennis courts, and the plan which allowed for some 120 bedrooms on completion.

What a place! And what a position! Sun, shelter, sport, and sociability, what more could one want on a February morning? But that was only a beginning. I then went up with Dr. Wright to see the Carlyon Bay Hotel, which will be familiar to many as St. Austell Bay Hotel. Surely it is one of the last words in modern hotel construction. Built to catch the sun, designed for convenience, decorated for brightness, I refuse to believe that in such a headquarters of good living one could be depressed.

It is the only hotel in Cornwall marked with five stars in the A.A. book; most of the bedrooms, and there are about one hundred of them, have their own private bathrooms, all are, of course, equipped with every modern convenience.

What particularly struck me was the attractive sun lounge and cocktail bar facing the sea, and so designed to

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FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.
Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.
Illustrated brochure free on request.

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in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London, directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy at the

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140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Garage adjacent. Telephone: SLOane 4521 (10 lines)

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First Class, accommodation 300 Visitors.
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Dancing every evening.
Tennis, close to Golf.

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Good Hotels

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Sport, and Sociability—Round Resort

get the maximum value from the sun throughout the whole day.

The hotel stands in about eight acres of private gardens, and ably demonstrates the mildness of the weather, for every Christmas you will find camellias blooming out of doors and mimosa flowering right through the winter, both often reaching a height of over 30 ft. It must be heart-rending for the keen gardener from the Midlands and the North to return home with memories of what he has seen at Carlyon Bay.

From the terrace Carlyon Bay lies before one. Practically as far as the eye could see was the private property of the Carlyon Bay Estate. On the left was the Carlyon Bay Golf Club; down on the right was where, one day, a jetty would be built to accommodate the yachtsmen, for Dr. Wright and his colleagues will not be satisfied until they can provide, all the year round, everything that the South of France can offer, bar of course a casino. Additional to the sports I have already mentioned there is good shooting and fishing to be had, hunting with three packs, and in holiday seasons all the jollification of dances, gymkhanas, and so on.

"But what about the weather in winter?" I can hear someone saying. The answer is supplied by meteorological figures—Carlyon Bay has a mean winter temperature within 1 deg. of Cannes.

The Carlyon Bay Hotel and the Cornish Riviera Club charge no more than the really first-class hotels, but if you want to stay at Carlyon Bay more economically, I can most strongly recommend to you the Bayfordbury Hotel, which is just behind the Carlyon Bay Hotel. It is beautifully decorated, furnished, and well run, and has all the facilities of the Golf Club and the Riviera Club.

It is possible—even probable—that after you have once visited Carlyon Bay you will fancy taking up your residence there. If this is so, and you want a change from hotel life, there are a few small, modern, furnished houses to let, or you can build your own house, subject to the plans conforming to local requirements.

Carlyon Bay is by no means "off the map," as the G.W.R. are giving the Estate authorities every facility to make Carlyon Bay readily get-at-able from all parts. There are already ten trains a day, and an excellent night service.

Visitors should book to Par Station on the main G.W.R. line—the second stop which the *Cornishman* makes from Paddington. The hotel is only two miles from the station, and the trains are met by request.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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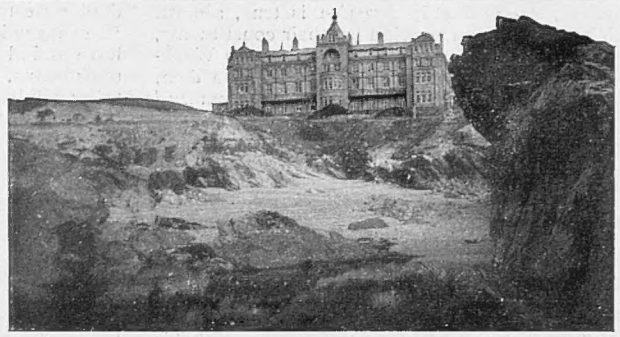

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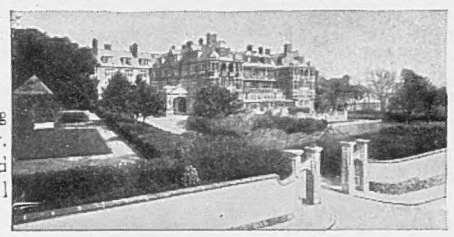

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7 golf courses, countless cinemas, theatres, clubs, concerts . . . and at the week-end a glorious crescendo of activity culminating in the Saturday night dance at the Prince. Write to H. Gascoigne for details. Telephones: 4131.

Talking of Holidays . . .

In and around Surrey you will see this sign on a number of delightful hotels. It is the sign of REAL COMFORT—excellent food, a fine cellar, central heating, hot and cold running water in most bedrooms, quick and courteous service. The hotels are set in lovely country: all are near first-rate golf and race courses and many are within easy reach of several. There could hardly be more enjoyable spots for a week-end, a week, or a month: some people are even fortunate enough, and pleased enough, to live in them!

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Magnificently placed on the cliffs at Daddyhole Plain, is world-famous for its quiet dignity and efficiency; it provides that delightful atmosphere of tone which embraces artistic surroundings and the connoisseur's need—"PERFECT SERVICE."
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Leading and Best
Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.
Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.
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There is something very delightful about Tunbridge Wells—a Town which moves with the times yet never gets out of tune with nature. Its Commons, its Pantiles, its Shops . . . always bright, clean and attractive. And at THE SPA HOTEL there is that solid comfort which is so expressive of Tunbridge Wells as a whole. This delightful Hotel faces the Commons and is set in sixty acres of Parkland, 400 ft. up. It caters for those who appreciate the good things of life, be they old or young. If you will write to S. Hancock, The Resident Director, he will be pleased to tell you how they can cater for you. The Telephone Number is Tunbridge Wells 1911.

ALL IS TRUE OF AMERICA

(*Continued from page 282*)

theatre tickets and found every theatre with anything like a success sold out. You may recall I told you that everything one said about the U.S.A. is true.

Others who are not so pleased with Uncle Sam and his generosity are the social reformers. They have discovered that this charming old Uncle is not only giving jobs on the stage to out-of-work "pros," but he is also providing an easy way in for the stage struck.

But hold! as the French say, has not Uncle done anything constructive, anything at all? Of course he has.

He is carrying out tremendous engineering feats, building dams, huge bridges. Thousands of skilled men have been working, not only on the dams and the bridges, but on the roads and in the forests. All very well, says the Opposition, but look at the way the politicians are taking hold of the grafting end of these jobs of work.

True again, everything in America is true, almost. The politicians have axes to grind for their constituents, and they grind them at the seat of government in Washington. They order that a job should be given to Tom, Dick or Harry, and quite often it is a case of Tom *and* Harry.

Maybe, say the supporters of the Government, and quite likely it is just as you say, but supposing we hadn't given these fellows jobs, do you think we should have pulled through the last few years without a Revolution?

Quite a word that, Revolution. In village stores and in barbers' chairs we have talked it over. A pretty young air hostess, to be killed a fortnight later in an air crash in New York State, was quite definite about it. *America has had that Revolution.* The definition of the word is a change of power from one class to another. Well, that is just what has happened in the U.S.A. Most of the power has already passed from the old time moneyed class, in other words from the "haves" into the hands of the "have nots." The funny thing about it all is that neither class is entirely satisfied.

I am not being cynical, really not. The Americans have a sense of humour. They see how funny it is for a man like Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a charming gentleman, who has never had to earn a dollar in his life, to be at the head of an Administration which consists so largely of well-meaning theorists, and to be extracting the wealth from the pockets of the men who not only fought their way to the positions they hold. but whose labour and industry brought about the Prosperity of America. Agreed that conditions were unsound, but were they any more unsound than they are to-day? Living in this paradoxical country, it is so easy to write in the language of paradox, but often it makes sense. Let us see.

To-day the House of Rockefeller and the House of Morgan are not in agreement on the question of national finance. But do you realise how significant it is that both these names are to-day making news? Why, they have been out of financial news for three years. The very fact they have found a bone of contention shows they have something to contend.

Then, once again, the newspapers are writing about the "superstructure of credit," and they are warning against the too quick expansion of credit. Thus there is something in the air about a credit boom. In Washington I found political correspondents rather inclined to believe that the President, if re-elected, will depreciate the dollar another 9 cents and make it worth 50 cents only. They point out that the President will have to find millions and millions to pay the ex-soldiers their bonus, and they rather gloomily foresee that something will have to be done to revive America's drooping foreign trade. The "something" will have to be a doomed dollar.

But one must look deeper, and looking deeper means going further afield than the big cities. America is a continent not a country. It is a continent where the farmers are so remote from the money-making cities that they hate them and all they represent. One of the greatest dangers to the United States is the risk of a very real split, States breaking away from the Federation, fewer stars on the Stars and Stripes. The Middle West hates the money-making manufacturing East, and the East has a certain contempt for the Middle West. The West has never known the worst of Depression, so it hardly counts.

But many States resent deeply the encroaching tactics of Washington, they are jealous of their own status, they want to retain their laws handed down from the Colonial days. Every State with its own autonomous government believes it has the right to keep its own principles unviolated. But looking deep down I find that the collapse of hundreds of small banks, due in many cases to the banks being under State law instead of under Federal control, has made the farmers think, and in the farming States to-day there is less talk of "marching on Washington" and more speech about what Washington has done for the farmers. True, the American farmer likes to complain just as much as the farmer of any other nation, but just now in the U.S.A. the farmer is doing rather less complaining and a good deal more clear thinking. He is thinking less about what his own local politicians are trying to make him do and more about what Washington has done, because the Roosevelt Revolution has done more for the farmer than for any other class in the nation. And the farmer is regaining confidence in himself and his prospects and he is beginning to buy again. The figures of the big mail order businesses show that is so.

The seven lean years in America have thrown up a spate of personalities each of whom in his turn seemed to loom large in the picture and to cast a dominating shadow across the American scene, yet few of them have stayed long enough to be remembered clearly.

Howard Scott, of Technocracy fame; Huey Long, the Louisiana demagogue; Father Coughlin, the Radio Priest of Detroit; Townsend, champion of old age pensions; one by one these personalities whose shadows fell across the Roosevelt controlled American scene themselves pass from the scene. There remains, for the moment at least, only Mr. Roosevelt himself. Will he be re-elected, or will the new President be the present Governor of Kansas, "Alf" Landon?

To the people of Great Britain it matters not very much who sits in the White House, but what does matter is: has Depression left America?

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In these serious times the children must not be forgotten, and the Society has always to find money to daily maintain the 1,100 poor boys and girls in the Society's various Homes and Training Ship. Please send a donation to help this great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful citizens. The children will thank you. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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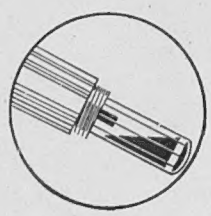

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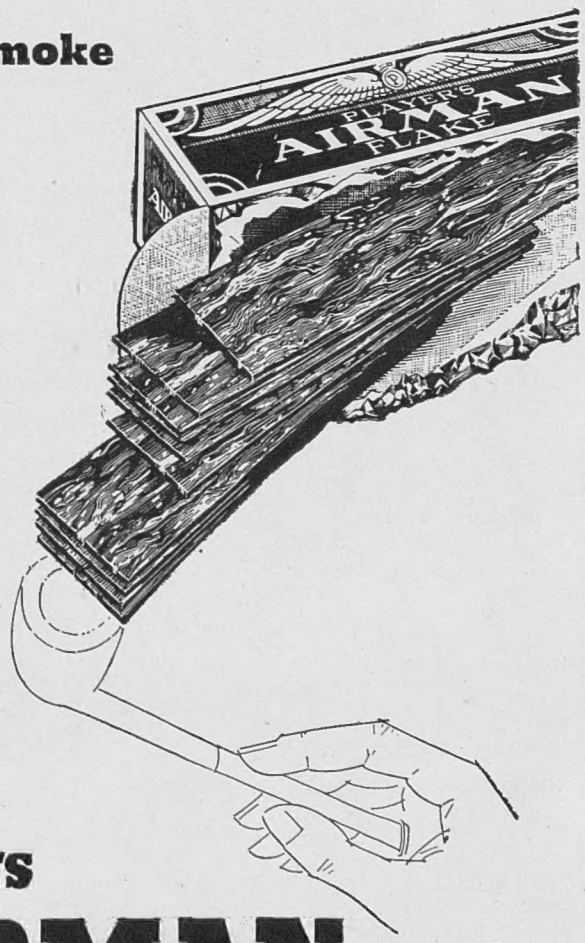

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